

# THE GRAPHIC

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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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## SHOPKEEPERS ARE JUBILANT

THAT the shopkeepers of Los Angeles have done an unprecedented business this holiday season is universally admitted. Not only was the volume of trade far greater than ever before, but the individual purchases were of much higher value in the aggregate than in previous years. In certain instances the increase noted, as in electrical toys, to be specific, was 100 per cent greater than in 1908, while the sale of toys of all descriptions was augmented by at least fifty per cent over that of last season. One firm, dealing in fine chinaware and kindred art goods, of a breakable nature, reports the delivery of 2011 orders within five days, with a resultant of only two per cent of errors, which, considering the extra help employed, men and boys unfamiliar with the work, is a most gratifying showing.

It is a significant fact that the most liberal advertisers reaped the largest rewards. We have in mind one jewelry house, for example, on Broadway, which is a comparative newcomer here, but whose beautiful store is filled with well-selected goods, under a liberal policy in regard to the use of printer's ink, supplemented by excellent management, easily gained the cream of the business, while an older competitor, having even a larger and more expensive establishment, which confined its patronage to one morning paper, with a spasmodic appearance in another daily, found to its cost that the enormous influx of newcomers to this city passed on to the newer and more enterprising concern for its gift purchases. Comment is unnecessary.

Another striking evidence of the prosperity of the city is found in the report of a large retail grocery house on lower Broadway, which was obliged to refuse to take on new business at noon the day preceding Christmas. To an old patron, who telephoned for coffee, the answer was made that if the customer were to come to the store her order could not be filled; it was a physical impossibility to keep up with the demands then on file. So it goes. Store after store has similar

time, actively promote an international exposition, corroborative evidence to offer of tremendous increase of business noted this year in the holiday buying, always excepting those houses that waited with folded hands, metaphorically, for the trade to fall into their laps.

From San Francisco a story of like purport comes. The Call tells of an enormous Christmas trade, and, in commenting upon it, sapiently refers to the reports of the federal department of agriculture, showing that the country this year has harvested a bumper crop that nearly breaks all records. Let us proceed to return hearty thanks this glad New Year to the Giver of all good things for the bounties provided, and humbly venture a hope that the coming twelvemonth will see that our individual proportion in this harvest is visibly augmented.

## HUMOR IN THE FAIR CONTROVERSY

IF THE controversy now raging between San Diego and San Francisco should approach the proportions of a casus belli, one shudders to think just where John D. Spreckels will take his final stand. At present he is torn by conflicting emotions. In San Francisco his paper, the Call, to be loyal to its constituency, must be found asserting the claims of the northern metropolis, while his southern organ, the San Diego Union, just as naturally and just as vehemently is upholding the righteous cause of the Bay City, as the only Simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle exposition site. What Publisher Spreckels of San Francisco will do or say to Publisher Spreckels of San Diego, should a crisis come in this effort of the northern metropolis to steal the smaller city's thunder we hesitate to dwell upon. If all life insurance risks are withdrawn pending a settlement, it need surprise no one.

About the nearest parallel to this perturbing state of mind we can recall was when Publisher Otis was found, day after day, apostrophizing the Republican candidate for governor, James N. Gillett, in the columns of the Times and, with impartial judgment the same morning was lambasting him with equal warmth in the columns of the Democratic Herald, also controlled by Publisher Otis. Our heart used to bleed for him in that never-to-be-forgotten campaign, when, from the same rolls of paper used to belaud the Eureka statesman, often appeared damning evidence presented by the opposition organ that Mr. Gillett was anything but an ideal candidate. We say the same rolls since the white paper was used interchangeably, rolling rapidly from pressroom to pressroom when in dire demand by the local champion of democracy by grace of General Otis. Truly, that was a diverting campaign.

Another bit of humor is seen in the advocacy of San Francisco's alleged claims by the Examiner of that city, owned and controlled by William Randolph Hearst, and the espousal of San Diego's cause in his Los Angeles Examiner, which tells us that "all Southern California is watching with approval and sympathetic interest the active and intelligent work of San Diego to bring about a Panama canal exposition." Of course, one never looks for consistency in the region of Mr. Hearst's gray matter, so this is not particularly serious. It is merely amusing.

## P.-P. I. E. HEARD FROM

FROM the president of the "Panama-Pacific International Exposition" comes a statement solemnly assuring an avid public that the plan of holding such a fair in San Francisco "is not new." To the contrary—and little did we or San Diego dream of what the northern city had up its municipal sleeve—"almost from the time when the United States bought the rights and equipment of the Panama canal from the French government," it is confided, "we have been gathering in-

formation, and planning that we might, in due vieing in importance with those of Chicago and St. Louis."

Evidently, this information must have been mightily discouraging to our northern neighbor, since in 1907 we found it trying to get a bill through the state legislature appropriating a few million dollars for the purpose of holding an exposition in 1913 to commemorate the discovery of the Pacific ocean by a back-number, named Balboa. This episode is most disingenuously alluded to in the statement, and with evident intent to mislead, since the 1913 date is not mentioned.

If the Panama canal was in mind, it was remotely considered, and only as a mere incident to the proposed Balboa celebration. However, San Francisco does not pause at trifles. With an air of finality, it is announced that "the project is launched. Committees are at work." Moreover, "The accomplishment of the gigantic task, which will be a credit to the entire Pacific coast, our country and the world, is fast speeding on its way to realization."

Dear suz! and where does San Diego get off? Are her claims to be so arbitrarily treated that she is not to be given a look-in? Is the indorsement she has received from Southern California to be entirely ignored? Does San Francisco think this portion of the state will meekly abate its predilections, knowing them to be based on justice and fairness, without a word of protest?

Before going ahead to "make history" in the glorious manner set forth by President Homer S. King of the P.-P. I. E. ("Perhaps Pie"), it might be as well to find out where this half of the state stands in regard to the procacious claims of the northern metropolis. Before prating about "loyalty," it might be well to ponder the meaning of latrocity or larceny. San Francisco, to put it bluntly, is caught trying to jump San Diego's claim, never a popular procedure in California. Will our people stand for this sort of land piracy? We throw not.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S CANDIDATE

WITH approbation we view the editorial admonition in the esteemed Express for a renewal of the "spirit of Southern California," a recrudescence of which we agree will do as much for Los Angeles and contiguous territory in the future as it has accomplished in the past. Bearing this in mind, we are reinforced in our belief that now is the psychological hour to impress upon our local contemporary, and all other Southern California publications of whatsoever nature, that it is about time that portion of the state lying this side of the Tehachapi should name the next governor of California, twelve years having elapsed since we performed a political act of a similar nature. Why should we remain supine this coming year, when, by the operation of the new direct primary law, a fair field is offered to all?

Are we of the south content to let Messrs. Gillett and Curry strive without intervention for the Republican nomination, when it is in this region that the heaviest Republican majorities invariably are found? Why should we be listless when the question of choosing a state executive is up for discussion? Is it because we have a United States senator? So also has the northern half of the state. The wealth, the population, the many interests peculiar to Southern California demand an equal division of senatorial honors, hence that hitherto apologetic argument may as well be dismissed now and forever. Whether Senator Flint is or is not a candidate for re-election should no longer act as a deterrent. Senator Flint has been of great value to his constituents, north and south, and if he decides to go before the people for indorsement and a second term, we should be ingrates to refuse him. He has been a faithful, hardworking public servant. With his tariff views



we do not agree, but for his energetic, painstaking efforts to advance the interests of his constituents we have the highest admiration.

However, that is aside. Our regard for Senator Flint does not compel us to wear blinders, thereby hiding from sight the benefits to accrue by reason of having a governor selected from this part of the state. Having an eye singly, then, to the renewal of the "spirit of Southern California," we urge upon our people the desirability of naming the next governor, and suggest as a suitable candidate, one who is highly esteemed north as well as south, the capable speaker of the last assembly, Hon. Philip A. Stanton, a resident of Los Angeles for many years, and a progressive, alert man of affairs of a superior order of intelligence. We believe that a concerted effort, prior to the primary election, will result in placing his name at the head of the list of candidates, and a united vote in the south, together with the strength he can muster in the north, should easily give him this lead in the preliminary ballot test.

It may be urged that Mr. Stanton has been too closely allied with the Republican machine in the past to be persona grata with the friends of good government, whose strength was demonstrated in the recent municipal campaign. To this objection we would reply that no man who has been at all prominent in state politics in the last decade can wholly escape this charge. It was an alliance forced by the system under which many a man of independent spirit inwardly chafed, but was powerless to remedy. That Mr. Stanton was not wholly subservient to the machine was proved by his refusal to desert his friend, Governor Pardee, when the former executive fell under the ban of the organization. Although importuned by many to join in criticizing the governor, Mr. Stanton stoutly declined, and won the displeasure of the machine in consequence.

This incident fitly illustrates his fidelity. His splendid work as a member of the legislature, serving with great distinction as speaker of the assembly, is too recent history to call for extended comment. For his firm stand in helping to suppress the senseless, anti-Japanese bills, sought to be inflicted by the Grove Johnsons and other professional demagogues, the entire state is grateful, and from President Roosevelt came a lengthy telegram, personally thanking the efficient speaker for his efforts to avert the insults leveled at a country toward which the United States professed terms of friendship. Speaker Stanton's faithful and conspicuous public services in that trying episode deserve to be rewarded by the state at large.

Yet more intimate were his services to the people of Los Angeles. It is not necessary to enter into detail, but of especial merit was his aid in securing the passage of the law enabling the consolidation of San Pedro and Wilmington with Los Angeles, the anti-race track law and of legislation in connection with the Owens river project. Never did Speaker Stanton fail his city in any emergency, and in all matters affecting the public welfare his voice and influence were invariably marshalled for the right. Through the several sessions in which Mr. Stanton has served his district in the legislature he has proved his worth to the city in numerous ways.

Realizing all this, a movement is under way in which many Republicans living in Southern California, in professional and commercial life, are quietly striving to gain the consent of Mr. Stanton to become a candidate for governor, as the nominee of the Republican party. These voluntary supporters include well-known jurists, prominent lawyers, manufacturers, wholesale and retail merchants of this city and elsewhere, capitalists, bankers, real estate men, in short, his fellow citizens prominent in all fields of endeavor. This desire, on their part, has crystallized in a formal request to Mr. Stanton to announce his candidacy. It has been signed by several hundred of the best known men of Southern California.

To this request that he authorize his friends and supporters to take such steps as may be requisite to secure his position upon the ticket at the direct primary election to be held next August, The Graphic is glad to be added, believing, as we do, that the hour is ripe for the selection of a candidate from Southern California, and that no more suitable man for the office of gov-

ernor can be named, capable of attracting a larger following, north and south, than Hon. Philip A. Stanton of Los Angeles.

#### WARNING TO MR. TAFT

**S**TUDY of the vote polled among its subscribers by a popular monthly magazine enjoying a wide circulation, in reference to the Taft administration, is profitable. Prior to the election of Mr. Taft this same publication obtained an expression from its constituency as to the probable outcome of the presidential election, securing an accurate forecast. Now these same readers and voters, having been asked if they are satisfied with the first nine months' experience in the administration of the President, yield this response: Of the Republicans 3,092 say "yes" and 2,490, "no." Of the Democrats 500 say "yes" and 2,053, "no." More significant is the fact that 2,092 Republicans were unwilling to say that they believed they had done wisely in voting for Taft, while 2,778 Republicans declined to commit themselves in regard to his administration to date.

This agrees thoroughly with our observation that no great enthusiasm obtains with the rank and file of the Republican party for the occupant of the White House. He has disappointed those who voted for him, from the start, and the impression prevails pretty generally, we believe, that he has not kept his pre-election promises. Asked if they approved the position of President Taft on the recent tariff legislation, 3,580 Republicans rendered an emphatic "no," while only 2,102 registered "yes." This disapproval is still more warmly enunciated in replying to the question asking if the President should co-operate with Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon in the general public policies which they represent. By a vote of 9 to 1 a thunderous negative is returned, and still more overwhelming was the vote desiring that he should oppose their views.

Speaker Cannon is condemned in equal positive fashion, and this disapprobation of his tariff views is quite as pronounced on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts as in the middle west, showing that the disaffection is by no means limited to localities having "insurgent" tendencies. By more than 13 to 1 Representative McLachlan's attitude in taking the Cannon program is disapproved, and all other members of the California delegation in the lower house, similarly tarred, come in for equally tart criticism. Only Representative E. A. Hayes of San Jose, who openly fought Cannon, receives endorsement. By a vote as great in favor as that of McLachlan is disfavored does Mr. Hayes' course receive approval.

Such an expression is worth serious attention. It proves pretty conclusively how the average Republican is thinking and to Mr. Taft it should indicate that his lack of backbone is not relished by the men who helped to place him in the White House. As for the standpat congressmen, who have voted early and late with Cannon, their day of reckoning is coming, just as we have repeatedly warned them was the case. The people are in revolt against the excessive tariff duties. At last they have discovered how they have been flimflammed by the specious cry of "protection."

#### DERELICT CAPTAIN DIXON

**I**S A POLICE captain, on duty, sworn to uphold the law, to be regarded as a sort of father confessor to a prisoner, who, when arrested, admits to the officer, under promise of secrecy, the crime with which he is charged? This is the astonishing situation to be noted in the case of a degenerate son of a deceased citizen, now held by the police for safe robbery. Because of this alleged privileged communication, the police captain not only has rendered himself useless to the community as a medium to punish crime, but stands revealed as an instrument to prevent justice taking its proper course.

What business has a police officer to accept confidential statements from one who is held on a serious charge? It was the duty of Captain Dixon to inform his prisoner that any statement he might make would be used for or against him at the preliminary trial, and in no circumstances could he regard a communication as confidential. Captain Dixon represented the people; he was the embodiment of the law, and to

swerve from that position in any particular was to prove recreant to his trust. He is too old a hand to plead ignorance of what was his sworn duty. He is not paid to conceal the truth, but to help to reveal it, and in this flagrant departure from what the public has a right to expect from him, he practically declares his incompetency to remain on the force. We fail to see how the police commission can condone his conduct. Dismissal or a reduction to the ranks is the only treatment such a course invites.

Pursue this extraordinary procedure to its logical conclusion and see what a farce is made of the law. It is grotesque that a prisoner should be allowed to hold confidential relations with his captor, supposed to represent the prosecution, but really inimical to it. It now becomes a natural sequence that at the examination before a magistrate the derelict officer should be found relying on the prisoner's counsel for further guidance of his conduct in his self-imposed guardianship of the alleged safe robber. This is opera bouffe in police circles with a vengeance.

No wonder President Taft has been heard declaring that the administration of criminal law in America has broken down. This is one of the processes in the decay he has noted. Another joke on justice is reported from Denver, where Federal Judge Lewis has been hearing evidence in relation to coal land frauds in Colorado. The United States district attorney, as reported by the San Francisco Bulletin, offered in evidence a letter written by one of the defendants to a "dummy" entryman. It was conclusive proof of the fraud charged, but when the alert counsel for the defense raised the point that the letter was self-incriminatory, and to permit its introduction was to deprive an imperiled defendant of a constitutional right, the trial judge acquiesced and sustained the objection. Guilt cuts no ice in these days of fine technical rulings. The first consideration to be observed is the mode of procedure. How to that line, no matter how many culprits escape their just deserts.

#### GRAPHITES

In the death of Frederick Remington, just as he approached the apex of his powers, the west loses a remarkably faithful expositor of its picturesque features, particularly in regard to cowboy phases of life and experiences with the army at frontier posts. He was an accomplished draughtsman, with a fine eye for dramatic effects. Many of his drawings in black and white depict conditions that are rapidly passing away, with the obliteration of the frontier. They portray an epoch in American history that is sui generis with this country, and no more faithful historian than Remington has coped with it. Both as an artist and as an author he has treated graphically and truthfully of conditions as he saw them, and for this every student of distinctive American life owes his memory a debt of gratitude. Succumbing to an operation for appendicitis, Mr. Remington died all too soon, not yet out of the forties.

San Francisco, by a good majority over the necessary two-thirds vote, has decided to issue bonds for the taking over and equipping of the Geary street line of railway, to be operated by the municipality in the interests of the people. The franchise held by the United Railroads expired in 1906, and since then the road has been operated under a short-time lease, pending a decision from the people. Three times they have declined to approve the bonds, but at Thursday's election in a heavy vote they endorsed the movement. As a business proposition the Geary street line, which it is proposed to extend to the ferry, should easily take care of the fixed charges and earn a dividend for the taxpayers, if it is not grossly mismanaged through vicious politics.

Women are rejoicing over the selection of Selma Lagerlof of Sweden, an author of great repute in her own country, as a participant in the annual Nobel prize awards. Miss Lagerlof is held in regard by Swedish children as a kind of fairy god-mother, while the adults look upon her as their prose-poet. Her work expresses in a rare degree, says one of her commentators, the spirit and genius of Sweden, and has asserted a positive influence upon the national conscience. She is described as a modest and rather shy woman, of very attractive personality, living with her mother in a pretty, old-fashioned cottage in the suburbs of the city of Falun.



## ON HORRORS AND HAPPINESS

**A**MONG all the good resolutions registered within the dying days of the old year, there cannot be one better than the vow of optimism. The human family rushes blindly in a headlong race for happiness, conscious that happiness is the one great enduring prize of life, the highest good. But, for some perverse reason, most of us, except of course the little children who are happy in being alive, seem convinced that we must race for happiness as toward a distant goal; we feel that the prize is without, and apart from, ourselves; that it is something to strive for, to seek externally. Of course, as all the true philosophers have told us for hundreds of years, and as we ourselves know full well, if we ever look into the windows of our souls, happiness can only be within ourselves, it is entirely an internal condition.

\* \* \*

It was the best and sweetest of all philosophers, save Christ himself, who said "A happy lot and portion is good inclinations of the soul, good desires and actions." And Marcus Aurelius' most admirable definition has inspired that most charming of modern novelists, William J. Locke, to write what, from its initial chapters, promises to be his most delightful book on "Eumoiriety"—which is simply the Lockean coinage of an Anglo-Saxon word descriptive of the art of happiness. "Simon the Jester," doomed to live only a few months more, is being impelled each month in the American Magazine along Locke's whimsical way of "eumoiriety."

\* \* \*

Happiness, then, is essentially selfish. And yet to be happy one must be essentially unselfish. Like all the mysteries of life, this is a paradox. But like other paradoxes, including life itself, it can be reduced to fairly simple, practical lines. It is certain that one can cultivate happiness, and, indeed, that no one else can make you happy save yourself. Nevertheless, it is equally certain that the more one thinks of oneself, the less happy one is bound to be, and that happiness is found in the thought of, and for, others—in "good inclinations of the soul, good desires and actions" outward bound.

\* \* \*

There is a foolish old saying that "misery loves company." Or is it that its meaning has been twisted? In any event, it is a foolish fallacy. If a man is miserable, he shuns his fellow-men. But in the ordinary acceptance of this left-handed adage, it means that when a man is miserable he finds consolation in the company of another man equally miserable. He must be a miser, indeed, whose misery is alleviated by contemplation of more misery. The best, the only, medicine for the miserable man is to get him out of himself, by capturing his attention and fixing it upon somebody or something that is not miserable but happy.

\* \* \*

It seems extraordinary how often good people tell their children, when cross or disappointed, "Why, think of all the poor little children without any parents, without nice warm beds and Christmas presents and turkey and candies!" Is it not vile, and inferior to any "heathen" creed which we affect to despise, to teach children that they ought to be happy in their own lot and circumstance because there are so many other little children whose lines are cast in misery? You can only lighten a child's sorrow or cure its disappointment by giving it an internal reason for a different state of mind. And, of course, it is the same with "grown-ups."

\* \* \*

We are perverse not only in chasing happiness through various bursts of excitement, such as making money—which usually means getting ahead of the other fellow—or the equally strenuous and invidious business of "society;" but every day we deliberately and repulsively do things that must depress us. We start the day by reading or scanning the morning newspapers. Their pages bristle with horrors. The more horrible the horror the more brutal is the bristle. Every other column is a painful picture of a sin or sorrow, and its contemplation must cause at least a wave of sympathetic unhappiness in all whose sensibilities are not calloused. But it is certain that most of us read the horrors. Otherwise, they would not be printed. The newspaper-maker knows full well that the greater the horror, the more space and "display" he must give it, because his readers will demand every detail. Alas, the more his bright young men can pile up the agony, the more satisfaction will reign that day in the circulation department. Is it not a curious fact that mankind has cultivated an appetite for reading with avidity—if not actually enjoying—descriptions of every sort of sin, shame and sorrow? Of such are the great "human in-

terest" stories of the day. And, sometimes, especially if one is starting a new year with the vow of optimism, it may be worth while to pause and consider what possible good is served by the publication and the reading of such stories? Is there any lesson taught, any suggestion of "eumoiriety," in the perpetual contemplation of crime?

\* \* \*

Wise men and women nowadays only read the average newspaper by the headlines. And there are many more wise men about us than one would think. For several months I sat in court and listened to the examination of more than a thousand prospective jurors. Every talesman was asked what newspaper he read, and it was illuminating to discover that a large percentage swore they read "only the headlines." We ought to be thankful that the headlines usually provide sufficiently flaring a danger signal. Hence, we can scent afar off most of the horrors and can avoid them, which we must do if our souls are to be "well inclined."

\* \* \*

As a powerful suggestion toward optimism, let me recommend humbly the avoidance of such horrors. You need the news. The real news will make no man unhappy. But it is not necessary to take morning and evening draughts of mental poison by swallowing the elaborated details of horrible events. Make the experiment, if it is not already your practice, of skipping the horrors in your daily newspapers, and see if your soul is not more attuned to happiness for the day's duty and toil. Your vow of optimism will be more surely kept and with far greater ease if you refuse to fix your mind on the "evil inclinations of the soul, evil desires and actions" which fill so large a portion of the daily press. And when men and women fall generally into this habit, there will soon be a mighty change in the "make-up" and material of newspapers. It is, of course, only a question of demand and supply. When readers prefer happiness to horrors, the editors will pay more attention to "eumoiriety" and less to sin and sorrow and shame.

Santa Barbara, December 26.

R. H. C.

## REALISTIC DRAMA IN 'FOURTH ESTATE'

**"THE Fourth Estate,"** now running at Wal-lack's Theater, is a realistic melodrama by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford. The title is borrowed from Edmund Burke, who long ago added to the three "estates" the nobility, the plain people and the clergy, a fourth, meaning the newspaper men. The play concerns itself with a specific case of corrupt newspaper practice which furnishes admirable opportunity for effective and typically melodramatic scenes. For a play of admittedly popular character, "The Fourth Estate" transgresses precedent in a curious way, and the managers have had their own troubles to bring it into line. The ending has been remodelled three times.

\* \* \*

Judge Bartelmy, with the help of Edward Dupuy, a newspaper lobbyist, has managed to muzzle the press by means of the weapon furnished by large advertising interests. The Advance has a young reporter, Wheeler Brand, a fearless idealist, who has dared to disclose some of the truth. The managing editor, thinking of the wife and children dependent on him, succumbs to pressure and dismisses Brand, but the new, wealthy owner of the paper, Michael Nolan, who has reason to know the judge and Dupuy of old, arrives at the critical moment and installs Brand in the editorial chair, with the promise that he may print the truth as he sees it. In the next act we see Nolan's wife and daughter "at home." Of the four hundred invited guests nobody arrives except Brand, a budding poet, Dupuy, the judge and his daughter, Judith. Judith furnishes the love motive which is interwoven with the story of the newspaper's development. She and Brand are in love, but their engagement has been broken as a result of his constant attacks on her father. Her presence at Nolan's is evidence to Brand that her father is using her to foster his interests. The judge cannot approach Nolan with money, but he can hope to win him over by appealing to the social ambition of his wife and daughter.

\* \* \*

Affection for his family and their hopes of ascending the social ladder lay bare Nolan's soft side. He begins perceptibly to weaken in response to their attacks, and after the judge offers to propose his name for admission to an exclusive club, he suggests moderation to the young editor. Brand, however, has proof of collusion between the judge and certain corporations in an important legal decision. He is quite sure the judge will offer to bribe him to suppress the story, and he wins Nolan's consent to use the story to the full

in this event. The judge falls into the trap and comes to the Advance office at night to make payment of ten thousand dollars. The scene is exceedingly strong. Elaborate preparations are made to secure irrefutable evidence. The telephone is carefully arranged so that every word that passes can be heard by two stenographers in a remote room, and a camera is trained upon the seat that the judge will occupy. At last he comes. He is made to believe that absolute privacy is insured, but as the money passes from his hand to Brand's there is the flare of the flashlight and he is caught. The scheme is cleverly worked out. The audience, as much surprised as the judge, feels a genuine thrill.

\* \* \*

The last act takes place in the composing room at 12 o'clock. The story is in the forms and the paper is going to press. The great linotype machines, operated by members of the Typographical Union, clash and bang. Brand and his associates feel that the paper has the biggest story of its life. Dupuy, the judge, Nolan's son, bring pressure upon Brand to suppress the article, but he stands firm. At last Judith appears to plead with him, but he is ready to sacrifice his love for truth and principle. Then comes young Nolan with orders to kill the story. As the play was originally produced, Brand, after making arrangements to publish the article, in spite of Nolan, shoots himself. After the final curtain his obituary, written by himself, is flashed on a screen. This, at least, provided a thrill, but it was contrary to the rules of melodrama, and the people did not like it. Another ending was arranged for, and now, after Brand decides to publish the story in defiance of orders, Judith, at last convinced of her father's dishonesty, turns to him, and the curtain falls as she sinks into his arms.

\* \* \*

We are left with a flat feeling, to say the least. The tang is gone. Up to the last moment we are held with a real interest, and then suddenly the play fails to convince. We do not feel that the story will make even a ripple. I fancy that an editor who wanted a peaceful moment to kiss his sweetheart would hardly find it in the composing room of a New York daily paper, at the moment when the force is busy putting the paper through the press. The operators would scarcely leave their machines out of delicacy at such a moment. We should have the clatter and bang in our ears at the end; we should feel the machines beating out the story; the impression should be so vivid that as we leave the theater we should expect to hear the newsboys calling "extra." As it is, the play ends in sudden calm.

The playwrights seem to have pulled down with one hand what they have built up with the other. Nolan is very fine in the beginning. At the end he is a disappointment, for, while we see the influence of his family upon him, it does not seem sufficiently strong to have overcome the stamina of the man we had every reason to believe him to be. In melodrama we expect virtue to triumph, and we demand that the hero be heroic. Brand, in his effort to win out, plays a rather low trick on the judge, and however much we may disapprove the latter, and however much we may feel that he must meet lying with lying in order to gain a practical advantage, the trick does not place our hero in a very heroic light and it is difficult to approve of him.

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The play seems to have a certain purpose back of it, the presentation of the influence that a man's family may have to drag him down. The first managing editor succumbed to his family, Nolan succumbed, and Brand, logically, should succumb to the influence of the woman he wishes to make his wife, but, manifestly, the audience will not let him do that. If the thesis is to be maintained, then the only other artistic solution is suicide, by which he forever puts himself beyond the weakening influence of a woman who has shown herself to be much less fine than he.

\* \* \*

Wheeler Brand as the editor does a very sincere, fervent bit of acting, though he plays too much in the same key. He could vary his performance effectively. The play is well staged, and the members of the cast very satisfactory. Miss Pauline Frederick as Judith is attractive and plays well, but she overdresses the part. Her reception gown in the second act is so vivid that it throws her personality into the shade, and, in spite of the fact that we are told she comes to the composing room directly from the opera, we feel that the extravagant evening dress is out of place in the midst of the machinery. Charles Stevenson as Judge Bartelmy, Neil Moran as the lobbyist, Alice Fischer as the nouveau riche wife, and Thomas Thorne as the poet deserve special mention.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, December 27, 1909.



# Famous War Chiefs I Have Known and Painted

BY E. A. BURBANK

[No other artist in the country has enjoyed the opportunities experienced by Mr. E. A. Burbank—now a resident of Los Angeles—the painter of Indian portraits, to meet face to face, and on their own ground, the once-noted Indian chiefs of America, now so rapidly passing away. For the last twenty years Mr. Burbank has journeyed from camp to camp among the aboriginal redmen of the northwest and southwest, painting successively all the great warriors whose past prowess has made their names famous in frontier history. It is, therefore, with considerable pride that The Graphic calls attention to a series of articles from Mr. Burbank's pen, describing his personal interviews with these once powerful war chiefs, and illustrated by portraits from life, re-drawn in pencil especially for The Graphic, from his original studies. First in this notable galaxy is a picture and story of Red Cloud, the famous Ogallalla Sioux, whose death occurred at Pine Ridge agency only a few weeks ago. Others, to follow, will be equally interesting, equally valuable to students of Americana.—Editor The Graphic.]

## I. RED CLOUD (Mack-heah-lu-tah)

**I**N 1897 I went to Pine Ridge, South Dakota, to paint a portrait of Red Cloud, the famous Ogallalla Sioux chief. On the way, by stage from Rushville, Neb., I made the acquaintance of Red Cloud's nephew, who chanced to be a passenger. He had been away to school and spoke fairly good English. It was a fortunate rencontre. Upon arriving at Pine Ridge he accompanied me to Red Cloud's abode, introducing me and acting as interpreter. At that time Red Cloud lived in a two-story house, built for him by the government.

He was a tall man, more than six feet, and a fine specimen of an Indian. He was then in his eightieth year, nearly blind, and a little feeble, but seemed glad to see me and quite talkative.

I quickly told him what I came for, when he replied that he was willing to sit for me for a portrait, but first wished me to paint some of the other Indians, intimating that he wanted to hear what they had to say about it, and if it was all right.

In a few weeks I had painted half a dozen of the minor chiefs and called at his house to borrow a yellow buckskin jacket of his, but he wanted so much rent for the use of it that I had to forego my desire.

I then asked him if he had talked with any of his friends who had posed for portraits for me. He replied that he had, and that they had told him it was all right, so the next day he agreed to sit for me in his own home.

He had invited Spotted Tail (son of old Chief Spotted Tail) to be present while his portrait was being painted, not fully comprehending the kind of "medicine" I purposed making. He wore an eagle feather on his head and an old blanket over his shoulders.

When the eyes were finished, Spotted Tail told him that in the painting his eyes looked as though he could see, which pleased him greatly, as he said he once could see, and he was glad that his picture appeared that way, because he said he did not want the white man to look at his portrait and receive the impression that he was blind; he wanted them to see him as he used to be, with good eyesight. Red Cloud's wife had always had good control over him, so much so that she was the only wife he ever had, and she had always been the "boss." If the agent or the government ever wanted any favors of Red Cloud, she was always consulted first.

In his old age his favorite pastime was to go to the Indian trader's store, about a half mile from his house, where he was always sure to meet other old Indians, and there they would talk over old times.

What a history was his! Born about 1818, he first came into prominence as leader of the Indians in the Fort Fetterman massacre, near Fort Phil Kearney, Wyoming, in December, 1866. In this affair one hundred men under Captain Fetterman and Lieutenant Brown, comprising the entire command were slain.

Red Cloud then became the acknowledged leader of the warrior Sioux, establishing a military dictatorship and terrorizing the region over which he ruled with absolute sway.

In 1874 the Indians abandoned the North Platte country and went to the Red Cloud agency



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on the White Earth river, whence they continued under Red Cloud to make frequent raids. He was a leader of the anti-cession party, and was at that time known only as the chief of the Bad Faces, one of the three bands into which the Ogallallas were divided. From a sub-chief and not of hereditary rank, he rose to the leadership of his people solely on his merits as a great warrior, and was soon found exerting a wide influence. This was due not alone to his military genius, but supplemented by his remarkable medicine powers, which were far above the ordinary stripe. In common with many other Indians, he professed the faculty of seeing spirits, but, in excess of them, he claimed direct communication with the Great Spirit, who guided him in all matters of importance.

He realized that the building of the road to Montana, by way of Powder river, meant the destruction of the game in their best hunting grounds, and the reduction of his people to the beggarly condition of the Indians who hung about the government posts. From the first, with all the force of his strong personality, he

bitterly opposed the treaties, which meant the cession of a right-of-way.

In 1874 the far-sighted Red Cloud sent men to ascertain the probable number of buffalo, and their report showed that no reliance could be put on this food supply for any great time. The slaughter of buffalo in the previous six or eight years had been prodigious. Careful investigators have estimated it at a million a year.

It may have been less than that, but it was enormous. The buffalo had disappeared from the eastern side of the mountains altogether. The plains of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska and Dakota, which had once been alive with them, no longer shook beneath their migrations. The valleys of the Arkansas, Platte, Cheyenne and their tributaries were deserted. The buffalo range was limited to the Powder river country.

Red Cloud quickly grasped the situation, and in January, 1875, nine years after the Fort Fetterman massacre, he decided for peace. He and Spotted Tail having expressed a desire to visit Washington for the purpose of selling the Black Hills country, the government acceded to his request.

But early in the spring, before the treaty was concluded and the land opened to the whites, miners began to flock to the Black Hills. Immediately the interior department called on the military to eject them. The troops made several trips for this purpose, and brought out many of the gold hunters, turning them over to the civil authorities for trial.

But for every man thus ejected, a dozen newcomers took their places, until in the fall of 1875 the Hills contained probably a thousand miners. Custer City already had been laid out, and people were coming in with but little show of resistance.

It has often been claimed that the Black Hills question had nothing to do with the Sioux war in 1876, but the assertion is partisan and untrue. In June, 1875, a commission was appointed by the President to secure from the Indians the right of mining in the Black Hills. This board met with all the Teton tribes represented.

It was soon found that the Indians were of two minds, regarding the sale. The larger party favored the cession, but demanded sums ranging from thirty to fifty million dollars in payment. The smaller party, nearly all young men, opposed selling on any terms. Their dissensions became

so bitter that a fight would probably have ensued but for the efforts of Young Man Afraid of His Horses, the leader of the "soldiers" or police force. He managed to restrain them by his personal influence.

The form in which the Indians, who were willing to sell, put their demand was subsistence for seven generations or so long as all lived. The commission offered to lease the country for \$400,000 a year, so

long as the white man should use it, or to give them \$6,000,000 in fifteen annual installments for their title, which proposition the assembled Sioux received with derisive laughter. The commission was obliged to return unsuccessful in its efforts. It recommended that the government set its own price, and for the Sioux to accept it.

Pending this settlement began the Sioux outbreak, which culminated June 25, 1876, in the massacre of General Custer and his entire command of the Seventh cavalry, on the heights of the Little Big Horn. Major Reno, it will be remembered, had been separated from the main body and, repulsed at the crossing, had entrenched himself in the hills. I am fairly certain that Red Cloud did not participate in this fight. Major De Rudio, at that time a captain under Reno, almost met death at the fatal river crossing. For years De Rudio has been a resident of Los Angeles.

In 1880 Red Cloud made a treaty of peace with the government, which he faithfully observed to the day of his death.



## OLD COVENT GARDEN AND ENVIRONS

COVENT GARDEN is a name familiar to most Americans, even though few may have visited this historic bit of London. I am going to conduct you, in imagination, through the streets of London, ankle-deep in slush, bespattered by mud from cabs and omnibuses, where you are stunned by the ceaseless din of traffic and jostled by the human current that is ever ebbing and flowing. But before taking you out of the drizzling rain that chills you to the marrow, I will ask you to look up for a moment at the smoky canopy that, pall-like, hides the heavens, and then to close your eyes for an instant. Ah! You may well seem dazed. A moment ago you were in that ever-throbbing artery of the great city, the Strand. Now you are—no, not at a pantomime, it is a transformation scene, undoubtedly; but there is neither gas, nor limelight, nor spectators. There is a bright blue sky, flecked by fleecy clouds, above your head, and a flood of golden sunlight is diffusing a delicious sense of warmth through your shivering anatomy, so recently chilled by December sleet. The rushing crowds have vanished; the unending roar of the streets has died away into the rustling of leaves in the summer air, and the pungent odor of fog that a moment ago stung nose and eyes has grown aromatic with the perfume of flowers and the savor of sweet herbs.

\* \* \*

It is a wilderness of country garden you are in, walled round by red brick, against which the peaches and apricots are blushing and mellowing in the hot sun. Only now and again can you catch glimpses of the wall, the garden is so thickly dotted and clumped with trees, from among the leaves of which the apples coyly expose their rosy cheeks to ripening Sol. There are pale pears, hardly to be distinguished from the foliage, which droop in clusters, and crimson cherries that attract troops of birds, which are chattering and lighting over the luscious fruit, while currants and raspberries trail among the flowers and vegetables below; there, in the center, is a large, reedy pond fed by that little rushing stream that has come all the way from Hampstead to rest awhile and take breath in its quiet depths ere it runs away again to lose itself in the mighty stream, the Thames. See how the silvery fish leap up to snatch at the cloud of gnats that hover above its sunlit surface. How warm it is. Let us step under the shadow of the trees onto the soft, cool turf, and watch the gardener at work yonder. And, look, there to the east, behind the elms, lies the old burial ground of the monks of Westminster.

\* \* \*

Where are we? We are in Covent Garden of the year of grace 1588. Before the Reformation it belonged to the Abbot of Westminster; at the dissolution of the monasteries it fell into the hands of the great protector, Somerset, but on his attainder, just twenty-eight years ago (1560), it was bestowed upon John Russell, Earl of Bedford, together with seven acres, called Long Acre, the whole being of the yearly value of six pounds six shillings and eight pence (roughly, say \$31.66). You say you have just passed through Long Acre? Let me show you that now depressing thoroughfare as it existed 400 years ago. Mount that ladder, which is so conveniently set for our use against the north wall, and peep over. You see a stately avenue of elms, whose meeting tops form an aisle of Gothic greenery. The rays of the westering sun are glinting through the branches, making waving patterns upon the wavering turf beneath, and here come the 'prentices from Chepe (Cheapside), with their sweethearts, and sober citizens with their wives in ruffs and farthingales, who have just left their shops to enjoy the fresh country air that sweeps over the great stretch of meadow between this and the Oxford road, and from the uplands of the northern heights; and gallants in velvet cloaks and plumed hats from the court are lounging up and down, eyeing the pretty bourgeoisie, who seem by no means displeased by such notice, though their male companions look black and fierce enough. Over the sweet smelling hedges, upon which the hawthorn bloom has not yet withered, you can hear the cows in the lush pastures lowing a welcome to the buxom milkmaid, who is coming from the path yonder with her pails, and, farther on, the sheep are bleating as they follow the cracked tinkle of the bellwether, and the watch dogs are baying, and men are calling to the cattle, and the air is full of country sounds.

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Another fifty summers' suns have shone upon the old garden ere we again visit it, and all that is left is attached to Bedford House, on the site of which Bedford street now stands, for the earl, alive to the requirements of a growing population, has leased the long acre for building, and

here formed the nucleus of a market. It was in 1631 that Inigo Jones, the great architect of Charles I.'s time, planned the square with its piazzas, in imitation of a place at Leghorn, and built the church to St. Paul, burned down in 1796, when the present edifice, which is almost a facsimile of the old, was raised upon its ashes. It was in the early years of Charles' reign, beneath a row of trees that shaded the garden wall of Bedford House, that market stalls were first set. Villagers from about Oxford road and Charing obtained permission to vend vegetables and fruit here. From such small beginnings did the now mighty market rise. Much of anecdote and story of these early times might be gleaned, but later on visions of strange scenes and strange characters crowd so thick and fast upon us that we must again drop the curtain of the rolling years, though mighty historical tragedies are being enacted behind it: civil war deluging the land in blood, a headless monarch, the gloomy reign of "the Saints," the rejoicings when "the king has got his own again," plague and plots and fire, and royalty once more a fugitive, and Dutch William reigning in right of his wife, in all of which this great central part of London must have witnessed many thrilling scenes. But it is with the eighteenth century that its most interesting human traditions begin, that it becomes the focus of the gay and dissolute, as well as of the artistic and intellectual life of London—the very brain of the great city. So, after this brief prelude, let us ring up the curtain once more.

\* \* \*

Except that no buildings occupy the center, there is very little difference in the appearance of the quadrangle from what we remember it twenty years ago. From the time of Charles I. the Piazza has been the most fashionable quarter of London. Let us take up our stand against the obelisk; it is a capital place to observe the scene of curious contrasts that is passing around us. There are the fruit stalls, presided over by buxom, rosy-cheeked country lasses, who have come up with their produce from Fulham and Nine Elms and Battersea this morning; and around stalls gather groups of the ladies and City housewives, cheapening the gifts of Pomona, not unmingled with old and young beaux, who slyly leer at or chuck the pretty country wenches under the chin, or even snatch a kiss when their female contingent are not looking, while sturdy porters are hanging about with their knots to convey the purchase home. The bells of St. Paul's have just begun to chime for afternoon prayers, and several sour and sanctimonious looking dames, followed by little black boys in eastern attire sedately thread their path, with shocked and averted eyes, through the chaffering, ogling, flirting throng, on their way to their devotions. Tavistock street which boasts of the finest shops in London, is impassable for carriages and sedan chairs, and the mercers' and milliners' shops are filled with fine ladies, turning over silks and laces, while gorgeous lackeys lounge about the doors. But it is beneath the piazzas the scene is most animated, for they vie with the Mall (Pall Mall) as a fashionable promenade. What a hustling of silks, as the belles sweep backward and forward in their huge hoops and sacques; what a fluttering of fans, what a ripple of laughter as they recount to each other the latest scandal, or listen to anecdotes from their cavaliers which would be considered nowadays rather more fitted for a bachelors' supper than a fair lady's ear, though much warmer stories are being recounted among the beaux as they daintily tiltillate their nostrils with pulvilio!

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Take particular note of that rather bold-looking beauty, as she is no less a personage than Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who lives in one of those houses; mark how that basket woman glowers upon her. It was Lady Mary who first introduced inoculation into England from Constantinople, and showed the courage of her opinions by having her own son operated upon, and has brought down upon herself the curse of the ignorant, and has more than once been mobbed in the streets for an attempt to battle with the foulest disease that ever afflicted humanity. What a throng of celebrities, names "familiar in our mouths as household words," pace backward and forward, with buzz and bow, and flatter and gossip! Poets and statesmen, actors and painters, nobles and adventurers, ladies of title and ladies of easy virtue—we could fill columns with their names and histories. That little, round, sleepy-looking fat man, for whom everyone has a kindly word, is John Gay, the poet, whose fables will amuse generations of children to come, and whose Beggar's Opera is now drawing all London to Drury Lane. That stately-looking gentleman is Mr. Quin, the great tragedian, and that charming girl, who is the cynosure of every eye, about whom the beaux throng with so much empressment,

leaning upon the arm of that distinguished-looking man, whose star bespeaks him to be of high rank, who is she? That is Lavinia Fenton, the Polly Peacham about whom all London is raving, who will by and by be the wife of her cavalier and Duchess of Bolton. But what is that noise? Is it a rising of the Jacobites? Has another great fire broken out? And is this hallooing, rushing crowd flying before the flames? The market people gather up their wares in hot haste, the 'prentices run out from their masters' shops and join the shouting, fighting, struggling, swaying mob, chiefly youths, that now flood the whole square, bucking, throwing, hurling a great ball, to get hold of which is the cause of all this clamor, of all this furious fray. It is the London 'prentices who thus disport themselves of an evening; the "quality" beat a hasty retreat, knowing no respect will be paid to their persons, and fat John Gay, while taking shelter with the rest, is making notes of the same for his Trivia.

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There is one place we have failed to notice, a low building, little more than a shed—you will see it in Hogarth's picture of "Morning"—that stands right against the north end of the church portico; it is a sort of shebeen known as Tom King's Coffee House, the resort of market porters, thieves, beaux, harlots. Half a century later, however, Tom King's has been superseded in popularity and notoriety by Carpenter's Coffee House, or "The Finish," as it is appropriately called, and we cannot do better than end our first visit to Covent Garden—to which we hope to return again and again, as we have scarcely extracted a nugget yet out of that richest mine of stories and traditions—than by conducting the reader to "The Finish." The clock of St. Paul's has tolled midnight some time ago, yet the noise within tells us the company, unrestrained by puritanic licensing laws or teetotal fanatics, is still at high jinks; voices more sonorous than musical are trolling forth the ranting chorus:

Then let us away  
To Botany Bay,  
Where there's plenty of all things  
And nothing to pay.

The sentiment of the song argues ill for the morals of the singers, but do not fear to enter, we have the gift of invisibility. A long, low room, with a sanded floor, furnished with wooden benches, a few broken chairs, and rough wooden tables; the ceiling is grimed with the smoke of years, and some half dozen tallow candles in tin scones that flare and flicker and gutter in the many draughts, alone illuminate the scene—if we except a fire that smoulders in the huge grate, though the month is June. The revellers do not belie their song, and certainly look as if Botany Bay would be their final resting place, for a more villainous-looking half dozen, attired in faded finery, you would not desire to meet that uncanny hour.

\* \* \*

The song is hardly finished when there is a hustle occasioned by a fresh arrival, and a laughing group of men and women, cloaked and masked, fresh from Ranelagh or Vauxhall, whose dress and manner betoken them to belong to a much higher order of society, press into the villainous den, and the men call for wine, though it is evident the party has had enough and to spare already. Guests now arrive thick and fast; especially noticeable are two or three gentlemen in riding cloaks, from beneath which gold-laced coats and jackboots and spurs peep out; their hats are slouched over their faces, and they cast rapid glances around, lest perchance among the company should be any they have eased of their watches and purse that night, or any other, on Hounslow or Hampstead heath. They join the singers, and a good deal of eager conversation goes on in one corner, and the chink of gold is heard—for this is the favorite place for the highwaymen to divide their swag. Now from the gambling hells close at hand stroll in ruined gamblers with haggard faces and despairing eyes, to drown remembrances in glasses of fiery brandy; tipsy gentlemen from dinner parties, players from the neighboring theaters.

\* \* \*

And now the gray dawn is peeping through the grimy window, paling the yellow glare of the candles, the rumble of heavy wheels is heard outside, and sleepy-looking men, who have dozed on the vegetables piled on their wagons from the market gardens, come in for their morning's draught, and amid the hubbub of the busy market the night revellers gradually disperse, and, as all ghosts vanish before the rising sun, so do the phantoms we have conjured up, and we are again shivering under the bleak December sky in the great surging human sea of London, where we found the reader at the beginning of this imaginary jaunt.

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, December 10, 1909.





### Passing of Percy Wilson

It is sad to have to announce the death of Percy R. Wilson, a brother Sunsetter, within a year president of that beloved club and the recently retired president of the California Club. At the Sunsetters' Christmas jinks, Wednesday night, we stood and drank a silent toast to Percy, knowing he had but a few hours to live. He was a lovable man, quiet-spoken and undemonstrative, but with a keen sense of humor and a strong personality. As a lawyer he ranked high and enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. In fact, his services were in such demand that his death, in his fifty-sixth year, may be directly attributed to a too close application to his profession. He will be greatly missed in club circles and in the local courts. A fine mind and a courteous exterior endeared him to all his associates. To his sorrowing widow and children The Graphic extends sincerest condolences.

### Making a Merry Christmas

Of all the Christmas celebrations which marked the great Christian holiday last week, that occurring at the Robert Marsh home, out in Westchester place, surely was the nearest in spirit to the significance of the season. On their beautiful grounds Mr. and Mrs. Marsh had erected a large marquee for the reception of two hundred poor children, and to provide against possible chill Mr. Marsh built a brick chimney, with an eight-foot opening, in which blazed huge logs of wood. The company came in relays, picked up in the poorer districts of Sonoratown and East Los Angeles, and piloted across the city in automobiles, under the guidance of their owners. Mr. and Mrs. John Howze packed twelve happy youngsters in their Peerless, Mrs. Lawrence Burck a joyous quartet, Mrs. Will Mines six or seven happy kidlets, and the remainder was in charge of those happy "Santas," Mme. Valentine Peyton, N. E. Rice, Randall Hutchinson, Fred Hooker Jones, Willitts J. Hole, Viola Kennedy, Walter Eisenmeyer, L. C. Gates, George Clark and Misses Sallie Utley, Phila Milbank, Edna Parker, Myra Mathewson, Louise Johnson, Evelyn Johnson, Florence Clark and Margaret Hobart.

### Tearful at Times, But Happy

Such doings! Such appetites! Such big, wide-staring eyes as the youngsters received their baskets of goodies supplied by the philanthropic assistants to the host and hostess. The latter provided an orchestra to dispense music, hot chocolate and sandwiches and candy galore. My! It was a gala occasion. I think Johnny Howze never was happier in his life than when he saw the ship he had whittled out with his jack-knife and painted so gorgeously carried off with a gurgling of delight by a snub-nosed, dirty-faced boy of eight, and when the davenport, also hand-made, the table and the cradle, fruits of his handy blade, were likewise eagerly seized by the little pirates. To crown all came Lee Gates' charming and poetic story of the coming of the Christ child, and the meaning of Christmas, told in simple but eloquent language. I am not surprised to learn that several supposedly matter-of-fact men present were detected with the tears coursing down their cheeks. I know I should have blubbered like a schoolboy had I been there—sorry I was to have to miss it—I always do when I face the little ones at similar gatherings. My heartiest felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and to all those who helped to make a Merry Christmas for the less fortunate children of the Angel City.

### Will Anderson's Versatility

Three times of late, in as many weeks, I have had occasion to remark the caustic wit, wide range of thought and delicate raillery of that brilliant young lawyer, Will H. Anderson, of Ocean Park and Los Angeles fame, whose versatility in prose and poetry proves his high capabilities as a writer. My initial observation dates back to December 6, when I read his masterly oration, delivered the day previous at the memorial services of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, B. P. O. E., when the accomplished lawyer-author made the annual address, his subject being the "Patriots of Peace." That same week, at the University Club monthly dinner—author's night—Mr. Anderson read an original poem, "Hail and Farewell," that

was little short of a classic. This week I have been prodigiously entertained to find his talents directed toward the editorship of the "Virgin Valley Feeler," that burlesque publication of which the Jonathan Club is the sponsor, once a year. This season's specialty is a "Beauty Show" number, and the editorial pen has run riot in emitting quips, jokes, verse and badinage, more or less "western" in nature. Like many brilliant writers, Mr. Anderson has a profound disregard for the trammels of orthography, as witness his bold spelling of "disciple." His motto, just beneath the title line, reads: "We are 'deciples' of Mazuma. Come through!" I hope they did.

### Home From Tahiti

It was certainly the quintessence of hard luck that caused Mrs. John J. Byrne to wrench her ankle in a ringbolt on the deck of the Mariposa, just as the steamer anchored in Papeete harbor at Tahiti, and she and Mr. Byrne were preparing to enjoy to the full their visit to the South Sea island. Instead of the tramps afoot inland, they had counted upon together, Mrs. Byrne had to take to her couch and receive by proxy her impressions of Tahiti. Aside from this mishap, the trip was a most enjoyable one, the ocean voyage, especially, being a delightful experience. Mrs. Byrne was still using crutches when she arrived home last week, but hopes to discard them in a few days. As usual, the popular railroad official made a batch of new friends, and the Tahitians, I am reliably informed, went into public mourning following the sailing of the Mariposa on the return voyage. An idea of the gloom that prevailed may be gained from the appended authentic account of the calamity:

Welcome, welcome to our city,  
He is home from far Tahiti,  
Is John Byrne;  
He is back from ocean sailing  
And an echo comes of wailing,  
From astern.

On the islands formed of coral,  
Where the native hue is sorrel,  
There is grief;  
There are groanings dolorific  
By the surf of the Pacific,  
Sans relief.

There is aching, there is weeping,  
Where the tangled vines are creeping,  
Through the isles;  
And the cream of fair Tahiti  
Neither yields to fond entreaty,  
Nor yet smiles.

There the dusky damsels falter,  
As they bow before each altar—  
Plump and slim;  
From the break of day to gloaming,  
O'er the sea their thoughts are roaming  
Out to him.

For the one their fancies captured,  
And their ardent souls enraptured,  
Has departed;  
And Papeete, once so cheerful,  
Harbors scores of maidens tearful—  
Brokenhearted!

On the atolls that he gladdened  
By his presence, all is saddened,  
Since he left;  
Like Rachel full of sorrow,  
Never comes a bright tomorrow—  
They're bereft!

Though the skies were never bluer,  
And the young men never truer,  
Gloom's their lot;  
Where the cocoa palms are sighing,  
Tahiti belles are crying—  
John is not.

### New Year Resolutions

New Year resolutions being in order, prominent residents of the community have about decided just what they will not do in 1910. I am authorized to state that Gen. M. H. Sherman will not resign from the water board, unless it shall be decreed by the supreme court that he must get out. I am further informed that his partner, E. P. Clark, will not weep if the state's highest tribunal should force the general out of public life. And there you are. It is certain that J. O. Koepfli will not run for office this glad new year, also that Henry E. Huntington will not get behind another "Aviation week." "Life is much too short," he says. L. J. C. Spruance has sworn not to purchase any sugar stock in 1910, no matter how highly such securities may be recommended to him. Russell J. Waters will not merge the Citizens National Bank with more than one other similar institution in the same period, and Harry Chandler will not declare more than 500 per cent dividend on the Times, preferring to raise salaries with the surplus. Willis H. Booth has taken oath not to entertain the Mikado or Emperor William in the succeeding twelvemonth,

and Mayor Alexander has agreed not to run for governor of California in the coming campaign. Moreover, Meyer Lissner will not try for the United States senatorship in 1910, although he has not yet expressed himself in favor of Marshall Stimson for the honor. Nor will Senator Flint accept the ambassadorship to the court of St. James, as the emolument attached does not suffice. Col. William M. Garland has promised not to try to increase the city's population by a million during the year, and Robert A. Rowan will not organize any building syndicate for the erection of a thirty-seven story skyscraper upon the present Alexandria Hotel site, or anywhere else. You see, we have much to be thankful for.

### Sunsetters Rejoice Together

Christmas jinks of the Sunset Club, held Wednesday night at Levy's, was pitched in a minor key. Louis Vetter was master of ceremonies and provided a most enjoyable program, chief charm of which was the delicate, exquisitely beautiful playing of Sunsetter Bond Francisco on his violin, an annual treat. Christmas readings were by Major Burnham, C. C. Parker and Dr. E. C. Moore, delightful selections, admirably given. A quartet of singers furnished sprightly vocal selections, and Mr. Sessions, a nephew of Major Burnham, sang with rare felling and in charming tenor voice a number of Spanish songs. Arend's orchestra added more music, a phrenologist felt the bumps of a score of the members and revealed their eccentricities to the highly appreciative audience. The biggest roar was heard when it was solemnly declared that Joe Scott was more patriotic than religious; that Henry O'Melveny might make a good lawyer; that Major H. T. Lee had a good military nose, and that Louis Vetter had a great love for children. It was a joyous occasion.

### Southern Pacific Loses Good Man

I am interested in the report that reaches me that Dr. Edward T. Dillon, division surgeon of the Southern Pacific in this city, has relinquished his office to devote all of his time to private practice, and that Dr. Frank K. Ainsworth, chief surgeon of the company, has appointed Dr. F. Garcelon to fill the vacancy. Dr. Garcelon has been connected with the railroad medical department as assistant surgeon for several years. I am not so well acquainted with Dr. Dillon as with his brother, Dick, the local lawyer associated with John Mott in the practice of the law, but I am told he is equally en rapport with his profession. He is of a capable family.

### Frank Greaves Deserts Newspaper Grind

After ten years of service with the Times as general reporter, his best work of late having been done from Sacramento, in covering the legislative sessions, B. Frank Greaves has deserted the daily newspaper grind to ally himself with the Altes Printing Company as treasurer. With his father-in-law as president, and his brother-in-law secretary, his new associations should be of the pleasantest. It is always gratifying to see a newspaper man make a move that promises to improve his financial condition, and I extend congratulations to capable Frank Greaves, and wish him much success in his new sphere.

### Joe Chanslor's Fair Button

Joe Chanslor, down from San Francisco for the holidays, is wearing on the lapel of his coat a badge of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which is what the northerners have christened their opposition show to San Diego. Avery McCarthy and half a dozen others in succession approached Joe at the club recently and, after reading the button, which bears no reference to San Francisco, heartily congratulated him on joining the San Diego crowd of boosters. In each instance Joseph was careful to explain that he was for San Francisco, and not until he had been "worked" half a dozen times did he realize the joke was on him.

### San Diego Stands Pat

San Diego by no means is prepared to relinquish its plan of holding the proposed Panama canal exposition in that city. One of the best known residents of the southern city writes me that so long as Los Angeles continues to cast her lot with San Diego in the exposition issue, the latter will hold her ground. It is unfortunate, of course, that a controversy should have arisen between the northern and the southern sections of the state in regard to this project, particularly as a strong intimation comes from Washington that so long as the internecine quarrel rages neither of the two communities directly interested will secure governmental aid. If the involved issue reaches the legislature in 1911, at which time the new federal census will have increased



our representation in the two houses materially, there is certain to be a battle royal, that, for vehemence, will pale into insignificance all preceding sectional contests. San Diego, which a few months ago was found deriding the state division movement, may experience a change of front if this exposition dispute continues. I should not be surprised to find this fair controversy proving the first real entering wedge in a Northern and Southern California separate state movement.

#### Mr. Huntington Gladdens Carmen

No wonder the carmen of the Huntington allied roads—Interurban, Los Angeles Railway, and Redondo—are at pains to retain their positions, once on the payroll. There is a premium for age in service, each year of continuance increasing the hourly scale of pay up to the sixth year. With the new year, Mr. Huntington has voluntarily put into effect an advance in wages which, in the aggregate, represents \$150,000. To his three general managers, John McMillan of the Pacific Electric, Howard E. Huntington of the Los Angeles Railway, and Charles H. Burnett of the Redondo line, notification of this intention was made early this week, and with his official letter Mr. Huntington expresses the hope that the relations of his men with the public and with the management of the respective companies will continue to be as harmonious and pleasant in the future as they have been in the past. The public approves and is more than ever convinced that the street railways of Los Angeles are in good hands.

#### Redondo Hotel Changes Owners

I have always thought that the Redondo Hotel at Redondo, under the direction of an experience hotel man, not handicapped by lack of financial backing, could be made a huge success. Mr. Woollacott did the best he could with limited resources and limited experience, but with powerful competition along modern lines elsewhere, even his superbly situated hostelry could not atone for absence of creature comforts within doors. Now that the resort hotel has been sold to the local syndicate headed by Newton Skinner, a local banker, which proposes to add many improvements, it may be a paying venture, providing a first-class hotel man is placed in charge. It is, perhaps, as well that the report of the sale conveys the information that the banking institution presided over by Mr. Skinner, has nothing to do with the investment, since it has not been a paying one to date.

#### Status of Western Pacific

With the Western Pacific having this week signed contracts, by the terms of which the former Gould system will use the Southern Pacific tracks throughout the west, where the former has not yet penetrated, there is no immediate prospect of another competing line, even with the absence of real independence, such as is seen in the Salt Lake road, entering Southern California. Among railroad managers it has been an open secret for months that the Gould influence in the Western Pacific was overshadowed by the head of the Southern Pacific, in the declining days of the late E. H. Harriman. One of these days, perhaps, the Western Pacific will be headed this way. But that will be only when the Southern Pacific finds that its present facilities are entirely inadequate for the care of traffic in local territory.

#### Christmas Card Jam

Such a jam as there has been at the postoffice through the present holiday season that department of the public service never before has known, and those in authority devoutly hope never again will be experienced. To the unremitting efforts of Postmaster Flint and his assistant, Will H. Harrison, the congestion finally gave way. These officials attribute the blockade to the largely increased custom of sending out holiday cards. If this continues to augment, there will have to be a doubling of the help now allowed for postal purposes, for at least a month before and several weeks after Christmas.

#### Our Connection With Alaska Coal Lands

Clarence Cunningham and the fabulously rich Behring Sea coal fields are to appear in the public eye for a long time to come, if indications count for anything, and, as usual in matters of large news importance, Los Angeles and Southern California are to contribute more than one interesting chapter to the story. We have already, in fact, furnished many of the incidents in this, the most important international news story of the present federal administration. If I am not in error, Clarence Cunningham for many months has called Los Angeles his home. While really a mineral lands operator in Idaho for a decade past,

his family has been living in this city for more than a year. In fact, Mr. Cunningham came here just before the holidays for the purpose of being with near relatives over Christmas. In addition, Harry White, formerly mayor of Seattle, who was the means of interesting a number of local people in the Alaska coal bonanza, more than three years ago, also lives here.

#### Genesis of Coal Lands Act

I believe it was Senator Flint who anchored in a certain act, under which these Alaska claims were filed upon, a provision prohibiting the coal that was regarded as a bonanza from being gobbled up by any sort of monopoly. That act was passed at the instance of Theodore Roosevelt, when the latter was President of the United States. Senator Flint amended the bill at the request of Gifford Pinchot. I have read with considerable interest in January McClure's a lengthy account of the discovery of these coal lands, their attempted absorption by the Guggenheims, and the controversy that has arisen in consequence. As the names of Representative James McLachlan and of Governor James Gillett are mentioned, I have taken pains to inquire into the alleged facts involved. The article asserts that Congressman McLachlan and another member from California, whose name is not made public, assisted in the enactment of certain legislation, which aimed to make it easy for the lands in question to be acquired. In justice to McLachlan, I am able to state that he voted for this bill along with about two hundred of his colleagues, but it was only because of the Pinchot anti-monopoly amendment. It is true that Governor Gillett is the owner of an Alaska coal claim, as also are M. H. DeYoung of the San Francisco Chronicle, it is reported, Henry T. Oxnard, and others of prominence, up and down the Pacific coast. These lands are said to have been acquired by all the individuals mentioned in entire good faith. As I know of nothing to the contrary, I make the statement just as I received it. The properties are to be developed as soon as patents from the government are obtained.

#### Flint and the Ballinger Case

From the national capital an occasional correspondent writes that Senator Flint was suggested by President Taft himself when it came to initiating the movement that has as its object the real uncovering of the facts in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. The senator, by temperament as well as by inclination, is eminently suited to the work in hand. He is particularly friendly to Gifford Pinchot, and is on equally good terms with the present head of the interior department. It was Flint, by the way, who had Oscar Lawler placed at the head of that department's law bureau. Being familiar with precedent in matters affecting the public domain, because of his former duties as United States district attorney for Southern California, Senator Flint is expected to evolve a report that probably will end the scandal that threatens to shake the Taft administration from center to circumference. My correspondent adds that the proposed investigation is expected to begin early in the new year, and that it is likely to extend over several months. When the hearing is under way, Los Angeles will be well represented. Harry White, who had the first pick of the northern coal fields; Governor McGraw of Seattle, also well known here, and many more people from up and down the Pacific coast, will go to attend the hearing. Those here conversant with all of the circumstances, profess to be convinced that the stew will end in a re-affirmation of the recent Taft findings, wherein the President gave his secretary of the interior a clean bill of health.

#### Local Democrats Fail to Respond

This week Democrats of prominence have been importuned to donate to a fund that, when filled, is to be used for launching a proposed new Democratic morning paper in San Francisco. But, as the rank and file of the party gives scant support to its own home organ here, it is extremely doubtful if the appeals from the north will meet with anything like substantial response. The proposed organ is to make its appearance early in the new year. I am sorry for its backers.

#### What Will Flint Decide?

It is nearly time for Senator Flint to advise his friends as to his future intentions, politically. We were promised while the senator was out here last summer that an announcement as to his final decision would be forthcoming soon after the present congress had convened. As the state campaign will be under way within three months, Senator Flint's plans are eagerly awaited. I have heard it said that if the senator voluntarily retires Joe Scott may be groomed as his likely successor

for the senatorial position. As he is persona grata with the Good Government element and on friendly terms with the regular Republican organization, there is merit in the suggestion. But I thought the Lissner faction was looking toward W. J. Hunsaker, John D. Works or Lee Gates as its standard bearer.

#### Goodly Dividends in Sight

Those who are experts in local finance tell me there will be forwarded to security holders in this field, beginning Monday, between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 in dividends that have been earned in the six months just ended. The total is larger by about twenty per cent than ever before for a similar period. A goodly portion of the sum represents dividends on oil stocks, with the best known of the public service bonds and the bank stocks a close second. The coming year bids fair to be even better than the one just completed.

#### Hollywood's Publicity Agent

Hollywood annexation promoters are out for results in a manner that is pretty certain to show their energies not to have been wasted when the ballots are counted in the coming special election, called at their request. A press agent has been hired, whose duty it is to supply regular copy, to prove that the proposed union of the two communities is a good thing for both. This habit of employing professional publicity promoters is a growing one, and a sensible one. I notice Dick Ferris has a bright press agent for the making of aviation copy, and the plan works well.

#### Nathan Newby's Libel Suit

Nathan Newby has filed his libel suit against the Times, as was predicted in this column nearly two months ago would be done. Moreover, he has retained the services of a law firm whose members will delight in prosecuting the litigation involved. There is a strong intimation that the issues which have been raised will be compromised out of court, along the lines of the recent ending of the Record suit, wherein the publisher of the Herald dropped his case, after the printing of a first-page retraction, that made every newspaper man here and in other cities read with extreme interest. I commend this avenue of escape from a most awkward dilemma, which the Times, at this juncture confronts.

#### Did the President Get It?

I am wondering if President Taft received a certain holiday package, directed to him at the White House, that was mailed from the big box in the lobby of a certain Los Angeles bank building. The parcel was not large, but it attracted attention because of the prominent address appearing, as it did, on top of a pile of Christmas gifts. It had fallen to the floor when a bystander picked it up and replaced it in the heap, after calling attention to it. The printed card in the corner showed that the package was sent by the President's sister and brother-in-law, Dr. Edwards.

#### Jud Rush's Only Chance

Judson Rush, I hear, is to make another Democratic try for the seventh congressional seat now being filled by James McLachlan. An attempt is to be made to have the Democratic nominee secure also a non-partisan indorsement. Rush made a brave showing in the face of big odds, in 1908, and his admirers profess to be convinced that, with no presidential campaign in sight, a Democrat will have at least an even break this time. He should make his issue clear—tariff reform and anti-Cannonism. That is his only chance. McLachlan is on record as approving Cannonism.

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By Blanche Rogers Lott

This first month of the new year, as well as succeeding ones, will be full of prominent musical events. Kreisler's second program, January 4, Tuesday evening, will be:

Suite E minor (Bach), Prelude and Gavotte E major (accompaniment by R. Schumann) (Bach), Andantino (Padre Martini, 1706-1784), Scherzo (Dittersdorf, 1739-1799), Menuet (Porpora, 1686-1766), Sicilienne et Rigaudon (Francoeur, 1698-1787), Variations on a Gavotte by Corelli (Tartini, 1692-1770), Menuet (Debussy), Havanaise (Saint-Saens), Caprice Viennois (Kreisler), Tambourin Chinois (Kreisler), Twenty-fourth Caprice (Paganini), Airs Russes (Wieniawski).

Mr. Kreisler will, for the first time in Los Angeles, appear as a composer. Eastern papers have spoken well of these numbers.

January 10 Georg Kruger gives his first public piano recital. The next evening, Tuesday, January 11, Madame Langendorff, who sang with the orchestra last season, and also gave two recitals, appears in recital. Friday afternoon, January 14, the third Symphony Orchestra concert occurs. Concertmaster Arnold Krauss is to be the soloist, playing the Tchaikowsky concerto. Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano, a new resident, has appeared before the Friday Morning Club in recital, as soloist at a recent Ellis Club concert, and in several private musicales, but January 18 she will give a song recital for the public. Later in the month the Ellis Club gives its second concert, the date being January 25.

It is not unlikely that Madame Sembrich will give another program January 20, as she will have completed her northern engagements and will be here to meet her husband, who is remaining in Southern California during her northern tour.

We wonder what Mr. Behymer will do with the audiences that will want to hear Schumann-Heink. Several years ago standing room for her recitals was at a premium, and with the musical impetus this city has gained this season, there has been no annex built onto Simpson Auditorium. However, January 27 and 29, the favorite Schumann-Heink will appear in Simpson Auditorium.

In looking ahead to the doings of this new year, the spring musical festival must not be forgotten. It is scheduled for April.

Memphis, with its 175,000 inhabitants, has a Beethoven Club, which, according to the Christian Science Monitor, has been the means whereby the music lovers of Memphis have enjoyed some of the best music in the past and which after recently turning over its orchestra to the public for the benefit of the whole city, has taken another step to provide a musical treat for Memphis. A contract has been signed with the Thomas Orchestra and with seven solo artists for a series of concerts to be in the nature of a spring festival lasting three days, in April. The festival will include five concerts by the Thomas Orchestra of sixty pieces led by Frederick Stock, a vocal quartet of renowned artists, one of the best known pianists and a star who will be either a vocalist or violinist of world-wide fame. The club proposes to have ready a chorus of 200 voices to give one of the standard oratorios, probably "Elijah." It is expected from the experience of other cities in festival work, that the heaviest patronage will come from outlying towns, thus bringing much business to Memphis. Atlanta last year put on a \$16,000 festival, on which \$12,000 was cleared, and other cities have made similar undertakings brilliant successes, both musically and in a financial way. The Beethoven Club plans to make a thorough canvass of adjacent towns in Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee for the purpose of promoting the project.

If Memphis can do this in a southern state, where things are proverbially known to move slowly, what may not

Los Angeles do with the backing of all the outlying towns, should they become properly interested!

Rumors again are afloat concerning the erection of a music auditorium, combining studios and recital hall on the lines of the Carnegie Hall in New York. Rumors get tiresome if they do not materialize, and may this one not prove a disappointment.

Pepito Arriola, the wonderful boy pianist now en tour in the United States, has been engaged for a return engagement to Columbus, Ohio, so great was his success there. As he will be brought here later, we reprint, by request, an article appearing in these columns June 12:

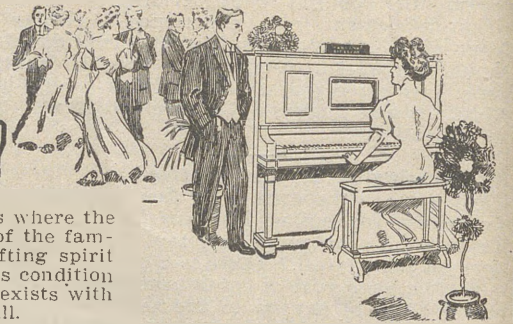
Pepito Arriola was discovered by Arthur Nikisch, the great conductor, when on a visit to Spain. He became so interested in the little boy that he became his protegee in Leipzig. Later, Pepito was placed under the guidance of Albert Jonas in Berlin, who has been governed by sound judgment. The child has not been crowded, but allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way by standing at the head of his classes in school and having time to build many toy navies, his favorite occupation. From M. Jonas direct I have it that on his piano lesson days the maneuvers of each battleship would have to be explained to him and the room full of men of war stepped over before the piano could be reached and instruction begun. The first intimation that Pepito's mother had of the child's talent was when he was just past two, and she had been called from the room in the midst of her practice of Bach's Invention in F. As she was returning to the room she heard the same piece being played, and the shock of seeing her baby on the stool playing the Invention by Bach caused her to faint. Mr. Jonas says the ear of this boy (not eleven yet, I think), is most marvelous. Upon his reproving him for criticizing a performance of a Mozart concerto by Busoni, the child with earnestness said, "Is it right to add low notes, to fill up chords, change their position and add an octave to runs in a Mozart concerto?" His teacher certainly thought it was not. "Well," said Pepito, "Busoni did all those things." He has played with orchestra in Russia under Nikisch's direction with tremendous success, and in several German cities, but has not been allowed to play much in public until this season, when his London appearance preceded that of his little sister. He has composed some creditable things also. I was told the other day that Miss Cocks has a most marvelous child in her piano kindergarten classes that is causing astonishment to those who know of her gifts.

Germany is having a revival of Spohr. Modern conductors, like Nikisch and Strauss, are giving his works, and in Munich an entire program was devoted to this neglected master. When it is considered that among his works are eleven operas, many part songs and male choruses, nine symphonies, songs and duets in abundance, eight overtures, fifteen violin concertos, very much chamber music of varied combinations, music for the harp, (for his wife was one of the harpists of that time), it is strange that Spohr is so little heard of nowadays. A triple concerto by Beethoven has been given at the symphony concerts. Of great interest would be Spohr's "quartet-concerto" for string quartet and orchestra, for the Krauss Quartet as an organization is within the symphony body.

In a biographical history, published in 1824, a critique on Spohr's violin playing reads: "The Roman critics remarked the pre-eminent beauty with which Spohr enriched his playing by a strict imitation of vocal effects. They said he was the finest singer upon the violin that ever appeared. This, perhaps, is the highest praise that can be bestowed, for, although instrumental music certainly arouses emotions and passions, yet they are very faint and vague when compared with the full, deep and definite affections awakened by the human voice. The nearer an instrument approaches the voice, the nearer is art to the attainment of its object, and the reverse of the proposition equally applies to singers; the more they wander through the mazes of execution toward instrumental effects, the further they stray from the seat of their own proper dominion—the heart."

It was a young Frenchman who has had little musical experience that made an interesting confession to a writer in the New York Evening Post. He had heard much from persons whose taste and judgment he relied on about the musical merits of Charpentier's opera, "Louise," so he went to hear it. He was horribly bored, so far as the music was concerned; but he went again, and again, and again, and at the sixth repetition at last he began really to like the music. At the seventh visit he liked it still more, and now he has become an enthusiast who never misses a performance of this opera, which gives him intense delight. This is the

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true musical education—learning to understand a thing, not for the understanding's sake, but because of the perpetual pleasure it yields. One often hears the remark, "Yes, I heard him once," and it is not realized that the first hearing of an artist is a preparation for other hearings. The sincere musician goes to hear a great artist or work every time there is an opportunity.

Madame Liza Lehmann, the composer, has arrived in America, and begins her tour immediately with a vocal quartet which will sing "In a Persian Garden" and other cycles by this well-known composer. In private life, Madame Lehmann is known as Mrs. Herbert Bedford, and her husband is also a clever composer, and her mother is known through her arrangement of songs, signing herself as "A. L." Mme. Lehmann will play the accompaniments on this tour, and she is one of the few composers who really play their own compositions better than other people.

Archibald Sessions will give his eightieth organ recital at Christ church next Wednesday night, January 5. He will be assisted by the Christ church choir under the direction of Mr. John Douglas Walker. The choir numbers will be the Sanctus from Gounod's "St. Cecilia" mass, and the Gloria from the "Messe Solenne." The organ numbers will include the first Peer Gynt Suite by Grieg, Marche Militaire by Schubert and works of Guilmant, Clara Schumann and Thomas.

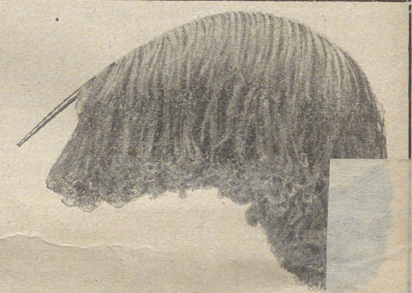
### Mme. Langendorff to Sing in Recital

Madame Brieda Langendorff, the grand opera singer from Berlin, reached Los Angeles last Monday morning, fresh from musical triumphs in Canada and the northwest. At Toronto and Quebec Mme. Langendorff sang with the big choral organizations of those cities. Mme. Langendorff is enthusiastic over her tour in America, as it includes many engagements with the leading orchestras of this country. Last summer she sang the leading contralto numbers with the Royal Grand Opera in Berlin and Vienna, and was heard in recital in Queen's Hall, London. She will appear in this city January 11, at Simpson's Auditorium, in the following program:

Ave Marie, Der Tod und der Mädchen, Ihr Bild, Du bist die Ruh (Schubert); Seit ich ihn gesehen, Er der Herrlichste, Ich kann's nicht fassen (Schumann); Lotusblume (Schumann); Frühlingsnacht (Rubinstein); Scherzen (Wagner); Sappho's Ode (Brahms); Zueignung (Strauss); Er ist's (Wolf); Thy Beaming Eyes (MacDowell); Charity (MacDermid); Love's Springtide (Haumond); Sweetheart (Chadwick).

### New Year Thoughts

The golden rule would be cheaper than policemen, and more effective. The most difficult thing to learn is



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LUKE NORTH.





An exhibition of old masters is to be held at the Blanchard gallery, to open Monday afternoon, January 10, with a reception. This will be in the nature of a private view, and will be by invitation only. Afterward, the gallery will be open to the general public daily between the hours of 2 and 5 in the afternoon. For those who desire to make a special appointment, the gallery will be opened from 10 till 12 in the morning. This exhibition is to be of great interest and will include the remaining pictures of the Baron Wymetal collection, now under Mr. Blanchard's care. An idea of the beauty and value of this collection may be gained from a mention of a few of the canvases to be shown:

"Diana and Callisto," by Caracci, of the Roman school, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century. "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," by Guido Reni. This artist lived between 1575 and 1642. He was the son of a musician, and was born in Bologna. He was for a time the favorite pupil of Lodovico, but he aroused such jealousy in the academy by his superior skill that he was dismissed. He then went to Rome, where he painted in the palaces and vatican beside Carracci and Caravaggio. "The Holy Family," by Quinten Matsys. This canvas was borrowed a few years ago by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The Adoration of the Magi," by an unknown master of the old Netherland school. A beautiful "Allegorical Portrait," by Domenico Zampieri. This painter, often called Domenichino, was born in Bologna in 1581, and died in Naples in 1641. He was of the Bolognese school, the son of a shoemaker and a pupil of Caracci at the same time as Guido and Albani. Domenichino was in the last century rated only second to Raphael, but, although surpassing most of his contemporaries in technical skill and by his genial feeling for nature, he is not remarkable for the force of his imaginative faculty. "Gris With a Dog," by Murillo, who, as most people know, was one of the greatest Spanish masters and a contemporary of Velasquez, with whom, however, he had little in common. "Study After Life," a young girl at the time of the French Revolution. An excellent example of the French academy about this time, by an unknown painter. "Death of Peter, Martyr," copy of a Titian, probably by one of his pupils. "St. Cecilia," by Durer, the great Dutch master, who was a contemporary of Titian.

Besides these canvases, there will be a number especially loaned for this exhibition by residents of Los Angeles. Included in these will be two by Natier, one Salvator Rosa, two by Rousseau and two by Corot. The latter two are probably the most famous painters of the widely-known Barbazon school. The school is particularly interesting from the fact that it was the initial one to break away from the stringent laws of painting laid down by the academy. Having thus once lost its grasp, it became the precursor of realism in its various forms. Upon his accession to the throne, Louis Philippe decreed that the salons should be held annually. But Louis Philippe counteracted this increased opportunity for artists by vesting the power of the jury in the institute. This resulted in a serious oppression. A fierce battle ensued and Romanticism was cruelly crushed back in its earliest struggles with the ancient classicism.

Among those who were oppressed were Rousseau and Corot. Corot was Rousseau's senior and was the most accomplished and conservative of the modern French school. Corot forms the transition from the classic to the modern landscape, recognizing no antagonism between them, passing from the instruction of Michalean, the pupil of Valenciens, to evolving in his own practice the essential principles of the modern interpretation of nature through an ardent inquiry into all her realities. He is in truth a culmination of all these principles. He retained, through

his affinity to them, all the characteristics of the classic treatment possible to true landscape, composition, selection, style. The subjects of the landscapes to which his most careful study was given are historic; that is, either Biblical or mythological, such as "Diana Surprised Bathing" (1836), "Silence," "Flight Into Egypt," "Democritus Among the Abderites," "Daphne and Chloee," "Dance of the Nymphs" (1851), the latter one of his best known canvases and now in the Louvre.

In his treatment, the classic quality and ideality is especially maintained, and his practice developed in form and color the vague, the general, the type. In this, indeed, though it is a feature of the old classicism, consists both his originality and his charm, because of the marked way in which he insisted at the same time upon his own personal viewpoint. An understanding of both its origin within himself and its effect is suggested by his own description of his development of the power of sketching, where he describes how, when he arrived in Rome, he began to sketch two men who were talking. However, they separated in a few moments and left him with a hand or a head of each, and with nothing that he could complete by himself. Hence, he determined to sketch in the twinkling of an eye the first group that presented itself, so that if the individuals remained for a while he had at least the general outline, and if they stayed a long time he added the details. He describes how he practiced this, so that in a short time he was able to fix the outlines of a ballet at the opera with a few strokes made with lightning celerity.

So, in his landscapes, he suppresses all but the significant, and gives the constant features, those upon which nature works her changes, and, therefore, presents her ever ready for a change, in indecision, "on the wing." Thus he makes that happy compromise between vague impression and precise definiteness of form, which also serves so well the orator and litterateur, when they leave those addressed to fill out the details for themselves. His sketchiness of treatment thus arose from knowledge and not from ignorance, the comprehensive knowledge that, choosing from all, gives the best, that from the mass selects the significant. "He is rich enough to live on half his income," once said a critic, and a sonneteer has addressed him as "Thou painter of the essence of things." He forms with Claude Lorraine and Theodore Rousseau the triumvirate head of landscape painting in France.

At the same time this exhibition is being held, Mr. Alexander of Paris, who makes a specialty of copying old masters, will hold an exhibition in Gallery C. I hear that his work is excellent, and of this hope to be able to verify it personally, since he purposes showing a copy of VanDyke's Charles I., an equestrian portrait of large dimensions, besides several smaller canvases.

Mr. Jack Gage Stark is busily painting at La Jolla, which country he describes as extremely paintable. He is to hold an exhibition in February at Vickery's in San Francisco.

Mr. Joseph Greenbaum has returned from San Francisco, where he painted seven of the elite. I understand that he has several commissions to fulfill here in the near future.

Mr. Ralph Mocine closed his exhibition of paintings in Gallery A, at Blanchard Hall, last Friday. I venture to hope that he received the success that he so well merited.

For those who have become enamored of Mrs. Barton's arts and crafts work, it will be pleasant news to learn that she plans to open a permanent shop here in the near future.

Mr. Louis Flechenstein will have an exhibition of his art photography in Gallery A, at Blanchard Hall, from January 17 to 29. Mr. Flechenstein's work is exquisite and I sincerely hope that he will score a huge success. No better art photography have I seen anywhere.

Mr. F. Carroll Smith, a well-known portrait painter from the east and one who has immortalized Mr. Taft's genial countenance, will hold an exhibition of his Dutch canvases, beginning next Monday at Mr. Kanst's gallery on South Spring street. W. C. M.

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### NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

To the Stockholders of the Inglewood Park Cemetery Association: You and each of you will please take notice that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Inglewood Park Cemetery Association will be held at the office of the company, room 202 Merchants Trust building, 207 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., on the 10th day of January, 1910, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.  
F. K. ECKLEY, Secretary.

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### TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

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By Ruth Burke

Resplendent in its brilliant appointments and exceeding in brilliancy even those larger functions which made last season a memorable one, was the subscription dance given last evening at the Assembly Hall on Figueroa street. Much-coveted invitations for this event were issued to two hundred and seventy-five persons. The decorations were elaborately carried out, the holiday idea predominating throughout. Poinsettias, holly and red satin ribbon bows and streamers were arranged with artistic effect, and in the corners stood gaily illuminated Christmas trees, while a huge one, ornamented with tinsel, novelties and incandescent lights, stood in the center of the ball room. Illuminated signs with holiday and New Year greetings formed an attractive addition to the decorative scheme. At the stroke of midnight the Old Year was ceremoniously ushered out and the New Year joyously welcomed in, the pretty and appropriate conceit being under the direction of Herr Reichl. A feature of the New Year festivities was a dance by Miss Nathan. Patronesses of this, the first of the subscription dances, were Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Walter Newhall and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow.

One of the principal society events of this week was the large affair given Thursday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Frost of West Twenty-third street at the Los Angeles Country Club. The affair was handsomely appointed, the decorations being artistic and in keeping with the holiday season. More than three hundred invitations were issued, guests being asked to meet Mrs. Edwin J. Smith and Mrs. Edna Cummings of Michigan, who are house guests of Dr. and Mrs. Frost during the winter. The evening was passed informally in music and dancing. Mrs. Katherine Kimball Forest rendered a group of Hawaiian love songs and Miss Grace Moakley gave several Spanish dances. Others who contributed to the entertainment were Mrs. John Abramson, Miss May Reed, Miss Mercedes Ciesielska and Mr. Kendall Frost, who is home from Berkeley for the holidays. Later in the evening, the guests were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler, the former a distinguished violinist who appeared in recital at Simpson Auditorium earlier that evening. Assisting the host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Banning, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Silent, Dr. and Mrs. William LeMoyné Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver P. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lippincott, Mrs. Ross Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sanborn.

With artistic and elaborate appointments, the marriage of Miss Ida Marian McClelland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McClelland of Waco, Texas, to Dr. Francis Earl Brown of this city was celebrated Wednesday evening at Christ Episcopal church, Rev. Baker P. Lee officiating. The church decorations were in Christmas colors, and the service there was witnessed by several hundred friends. The bride wore an elaborate gown of white brocade satin, trimmed with duchess lace. She wore a picture hat of duchess lace, trimmed with a large willow plume and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. Miss Willie McClelland, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, her gown being of white chiffon, trimmed with pearls. There were two matrons of honor, Mrs. Evabell Wolvertson and Mrs. Norton David Whitley. The former was attired in a white lace gown and the latter wore gold brocade satin. Both carried American Beauty roses. The Misses Grace Martin, Sadie Harris, Mary Cordary

and Helen Updegraff were bridesmaids. Miss Martin was attired in a gown of gold brocade satin. Miss Harris in pink chiffon over silk. Miss Cordary's gown was of blue messaline, and Miss Updegraff wore pink chiffon over silk. Mr. James Cordary was best man, and the ushers were Dr. P. O. Sundin, Dr. Kanll, Dr. Norton, Dr. A. C. Thorpe, Mr. Hugh Hamilton and Mr. McGonigle. At the Hotel Woodward, where the bride's parents are staying for the winter, a supper was served after the church service. Here the decorations were in white roses and smilax. Dr. and Mrs. Brown will pass their honeymoon in Honolulu, and after February 1 will be at home at Hotel Woodward, until they later erect their own home here.

Many friends will be interested in the announcement made of the marriage Tuesday evening of Miss Bessie May Harkey, daughter of Mrs. Laura Harkey of this city, to Mr. David H. White, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. White of 137 Ingraham street. The ceremony was celebrated in simple and unostentatious manner at the home of the groom's parents, and was witnessed only by members of the two families. Rev. C. C. Pierce officiated and during the ceremony the couple stood within a pretty bower of smilax, ferns and roses. Suspended over their heads was a large horseshoe of white roses. Quantities of pink roses and carnations with greenery were used in the decoration of the home. The bride, who is an unusually attractive young woman, wore a handsome broadcloth suit of old rose, with picture hat to match, and carried a bouquet of roses, which harmonized prettily with her dress. Following a supper, Mr. and Mrs. White left for San Diego, where the former is in business. They will be at home to their friends at the Francis Mission apartments in the southern city. Mr. White, who is a graduate of the local high school, enjoys a wide popularity here, and is a member of the Sigma Tau Epsilon and the Phi Delta Kappa fraternities.

One of the most brilliant society affairs of the holiday season was the large reception and dancing party given Tuesday evening at the Ebell Club by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story and Mrs. John Raymond Powers. About two hundred and fifty guests were present and the club house was artistically decorated for the occasion with novelties, flowers and greenery, carrying out the Christmas color scheme of red and green. In the receiving line were Mrs. M. D. Curtiss of Portland, Ore., Mrs. Story's mother, and Mmes. W. S. Bartlett, Carl Kurtz, O. H. Churchill, W. H. Perry, Charles Modini-Wood, William S. Cross, H. M. Bishop, Hugh Harrison, Henderson Hayward, J. T. Fitzgerald, Marion Gray, Mathew S. Robertson, Edward L. Doneney, Dan McFarland, Henry Howard, E. A. Featherstone, Frank J. Carlisle, Robert Marsh, David H. McCartney, Pierpont Davis, Stoddard Jess, I. N. Peyton, Valentine Peyton, John E. Stearns, W. P. Dunham, William Irving Hollingsworth, R. D. Bronson, W. W. Mines, Fred O. Johnson, W. W. Johnson and George Martyn. Mrs. J. W. Griffin was in charge of the card room.

At a pretty home wedding Thursday evening, Miss Meta A. Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ferguson of 737 Lake street, was married to Mr. Frank Lowe, a prominent mining man of Dawson, Alaska. Rev. Joseph Smale officiated. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white silk, trimmed in lace, and carried a shower of roses. Miss Bessie Smith, as maid of honor, wore a cream silk gown and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mr. David W. Ferguson, brother of the bride, was best man, and Miss Lillian Ferguson, in a dainty gown of white, carried the ring in a large chrysanthemum. Mr. and Mrs. Love will go from Pasadena to Hotel del Coronado. They will remain in Southern California until spring, when they will go to Alaska for a visit, later making their home in Vancouver, B. C.

Ebell Club members entertained several hundred children, including their own boys and girls and friends, at their annual Christmas party given Monday afternoon. A huge Christmas tree was one feature of the occasion, and a clever little play, dramatized by Miss Mabel E. McClure from Myra Kelly's story of "A Perjured Santa Claus," was presented by several of the club members. Little Miss Winifred Jones, dressed to represent Mozart at

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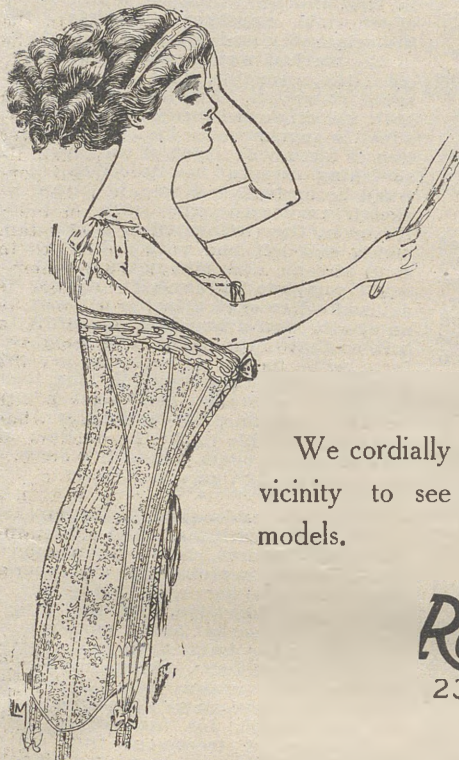
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the age of five years, played several of that composer's earlier selections, and Miss Hazel Runge diverted the young folk with a group of seasonable songs. Tuesday, the members of the club entertained several hundred little poor children of the city who had had no Christmas. The 250 or so small boys and girls were conveyed to the club house in automobiles, and the program of the afternoon before was repeated for their pleasure. Later, they were given gifts from the Christmas tree. Among the prominent women who aided in the entertainment of the children were Mmes. Felix Howes, Lyman Farwell, Katherine Kimball Forest, Randall Hutchinson, Lyman A. Craig, Lewis Clark Carlisle, B. R. Baumgardt, Harris Garcelon, Dan McFarland, E. C. Bellows and Miss Louise Kimball.

One of the pleasant Christmas affairs was the family reunion Christmas night, given by Mr. and Mrs. E. I. McCray of 1328 Westlake avenue. About twenty-five guests, all members of the family, were present. Decorations appropriate to the season were used, poinsettias, holly and greenery being arranged attractively about the rooms. Each guest was presented with a pretty Christmas gift, and following the dinner, dancing was enjoyed. The host and hostess were assisted in entertaining by Miss Victoria King, the charming sister of the latter. Among the guests present for the evening festivities were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McCray, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. McCray, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Mead and son, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McCray of Hollywood; the Misses Irene, Banche and Rita McCray of Hollywood, Miss Eva Davis, and the Messrs. Clifton Swartz, Earl Swartz, Lynn McCray, Clarence Olmstead, Bert McCray and Rollin Conant.

Students home from the various universities and colleges for the holidays were guests Tuesday evening at a large dancing party given at Kramer's by a number of the young men of the city. Mrs. O. F. Brant, Mrs. C. C. Wright and Mrs. John K. Wilson were patronesses, and the hosts of the evening included Messrs. Arthur Bobrick, Monroe Montgomery, Paul Grimm, Paul Nourse, Allen Cary Douglas

Mitchell, Joe Lane, Thomas Brant, Jack Bucklin, Philip Johnson, Lee Boyle, Louis Wurtz, Harold Janss, Herbert Howard, Leland Neiswender, Robert Peyton, Harold McKnight, Alfred Brant, George Quigley, James Cosby, Jack Graves, William Cline, Bedford Rivers, Clarence Bricker, Charles Sheeny, Thomas Duque, Walter Seely, Irwin Widney, Ward Dawson, Willard Salisbury, Ralph Huntsberger, Don Case, W. C. Walbridge, Gordon Avery, R. S. Lamb, Dave Wagner, Andrew Mullen, Theodore Cadwalader, Earl Holland, Arnold Salisbury, Fred McCartney, George Geissler, Russell Clark, Paul Lenz, Daniel Blair, Robert Dows, Rushton Sifton, Arden Day, Everett Barker, Frederick Rindge, Perry Howard, L. Snow, Roy Smith, Burt Travers, Kurt Koebig, Timothy Brown, Philip Harrigan, Alfred Haggerman, George Whiptan, S. Spaulding and John Phelps.

Mrs. Stephen S. Wilder of 2060 Hobart boulevard was hostess yesterday afternoon at an interpretative recital of Percy MacKaye's "Mater," given by Miss Cora Mel Patten of Chicago, who is visiting here. The house was handsomely decorated with holly, New Year's bells and carnations. About seventy-five guests were present and the unbonneted women were Mmes. R. J. Waters, P. G. Hubert, Wallace Spinks, Fred Hooker Jones, Oliver P. Clark, R. P. Probasco, Ralph H. Himes and W. S. Pleas. In the evening Mrs. Wilder entertained the members of the Los Angeles Whist Club, and the guests remained to watch the old year out and the new year in.

One of the unique social events of the holiday season was an "occult" Christmas party given by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Reavis at their South Pasadena home, "The Pines," Friday evening of last week. The fortune of each of the twelve guests was read by a professional clairvoyant, who foretold what would happen within the ensuing year. The guests assembled about a large Christmas tree, decorated with gifts and illuminated with vari-colored electric lights. Artificial snow covered the tree, and suspended from the ceiling were streamers that accentuated the snow scene effect. Gifts were pre-



sented to each person by Prof. C. A. Whiting, who impersonated Santa Claus. At a German supper, which followed, the center of the table was surmounted by a large Jack Horner pie, from which the guests pulled strings and drew prizes. The dining room was decorated in black, white and red, the German national colors, and directly over the table was a canopy of bunting and German flags. Covers were laid for Mrs. William Wallace McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrand, Prof. C. A. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Axtman, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McGinnis, Master Francis McGinnis, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lee Grover, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wallace and the host and hostess.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Teetzel, 932 Lake street, Wednesday evening was solemnized the wedding of Miss Pearl Teetzel and Mr. Thomas Hart Talbot. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated, and the ceremony was witnessed by relatives only. Mrs. Fred Teetzel, one of the year's June brides, was matron of honor, and Mr. J. A. Talbot was best man. At the conclusion of a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot will be at home in Moron, Cal.

Mrs. D. K. Dickinson and her two daughters, Misses Nora and Helen Dickinson, of 1003 Beacon street, entertained about one hundred and fifty guests Wednesday evening at the Los Angeles Country Club with a dancing party and supper. Christmas decorations were used and the hostesses were assisted in receiving by Misses Henrietta Mossbacher, Mathilde Bartlett, Florence Brown, Fannie Todd Carpenter, Olive Trask and Olive Erdt.

Miss Agnes Hole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willits J. Hole of West Sixth street, has sent out invitations for a dinner and a box party to be given Monday evening, January 3, in honor of Misses Florence and Miriam Shtrmer, two charming Pennsylvania young women, with whom Miss Hole attended school in Washington. D. C. Another affair in compliment to these two visitors will be a dinner dance which Miss Caroline Canfield will give Tuesday evening January 4, at her home on South Alvarado street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Michod of Victoria Park entertained Christmas Eve with a family dinner party. The decorations were appropriate to the holiday season, quantities of holly, mistletoes and greenery being used. A special feature of the affair was the big Christmas tree from which gifts were distributed to the guests. About fifteen members of the family were present.

Mrs. Frank B. Long and her daughter, Miss Jean Long, of 317 South Olive street, were hostesses Monday evening at a delightful dancing party given at the Woman's club house. Receiving with Mrs. Long and Miss Long were Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Simonds of Pasadena, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Clark.

Mrs. J. T. Stewart of 2319 West Eleventh street has issued invitations for a bridge party to be given at her home Thursday afternoon, January 13. About one hundred guests have been invited, and the hostess will be assisted by Meses. Henderson Hayward, Leslie C. Brand, Robert Brunton, Claude Holman, Walter Perry Story and Willits J. Hole.

Mr. and Mrs. Franc Ogilvy Wood went down to Hotel del Coronado Thursday of last week to pass the holidays there with Mrs. Wood's sister, Mrs. W. H. Tutt of Colorado Springs, Colo. Mr. W. Thayer Tutt, who is attending the Thatcher School at Nordhoff, joined his mother, Mrs. Tutt, at Coronado for the holiday season, and with Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Tutt, Jr., made a merry Christmas party.

Miss Louise De S. Hyer of this city enjoyed the week-end at Hotel del Coronado with her mother, who is there for the winter months.

Mr. L. M. Kennett, who is visiting in Pasadena with his grandmother, Mrs. Grant, for the winter, was a guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kennett of Chicago, who are at Hotel del Coronado for the winter season. The Kennetts form one of the most prominent Chicago families, socially and financially, and are represented in Southern California this winter by Mr. Luther M. Kennett, Mr. J. Durand Kennett, Mrs. Walter H. Dupee, Walter H. Du-

## Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

Ponce de Leon searched for the fabled fountain of youth, but his search was fruitless. He found a land filled with sunshine and joy, but, like all others, he died.

Others endeavor, in stimulating medicinal elixirs, to find the secret of youth in old age. However, the only method to pursue in order to retain a youthful feeling and appearance has been overlooked to such an extent that comparatively few have secured its blessings.

In order to be youthful, even in the evening of life, one must regulate the mind, for mind controls the body; therefore, it is necessary to be cheerful and optimistic, for a cheerful mind begets a cheerful body. It is then essential to know that the life power which emanates from the brain has direct uninterrupted channels to all portions of the body. It is known that the nerves are these operating channels, therefore, in order to attain and retain the harmonious condition of health in the body, we must have a perfect nervous system. Health in old age is synonymous with youth, for you are as young as you feel. Youth is a morning sunbeam, filled with glad anticipations for the glowing day of life which is just opening.

The life impulse which means health impulse assures a perfect body, when it has free and unobstructed channels through which to operate. Therefore, in order to eradicate disease and secure the normal condition of health, a normal nervous system must be acquired. Only by attaining and retaining a normal nervous system is it possible to secure the blessings of a long, happy and youthful life.

### Headaches.

Headaches are caused by a heavy impingement of a pair of cerebro spinal nerves that have their exit from the vertebral column below the base of the skull. These sub-occipital nerves lie below the occipital bone of the skull and above the atlas, which is the first vertebra of the spine. The atlas frequently becomes slightly tipped and forcibly presses upon this pair of nerves which has a direct ending in the brain tissue. This condition causes pain, and is called headache. Headaches also arise because of abnormal conditions of the nerves which control the bowel and stomach. However, the most common is the one described above. Almost everyone subject to headaches can recall a hot, aching, burning sensation at the base of the head.

Headache powders simply paralyze these nerves. The only rational method to pursue is to have this pressure, which causes the difficulty, removed.

Miss Evelyn Dupee, Mr. Walter H. Dupee and the latter's mother, Mrs. John Dupee.

Announcement is made by Dr. and Mrs. Frank W. Miller of 2076 Harvard boulevard of the engagement of the latter's sister, Miss Mary Warren Jenks, to Dr. Harvey Gordon McNeill. Both Miss Jenks and her betrothed are well known and popular in this city.

Friends here will be sorry to learn that Midshipman Theodore Hammond is ill at Annapolis of pneumonia. Mr. Hammond is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hammond of Hollywood. Mrs. Hammond, accompanied by a younger son, Mr. Paul Hammond, left the first of the week for the naval academy in response to a telegram apprising her of her older son's serious illness.

One of the most delightful of the New Year's Day affairs will be the "open house" with which Mrs. J. A. Graves and her daughters, Mrs. Hugh Stewart and Miss Katherine Graves, will entertain their friends today at the beautiful home of Mrs. Graves at Alhambra. Guests are to be received between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock.

Members of the Woman's Orchestra, upon the occasion of their last rehearsal just before Christmas, enjoyed a special pleasure in the informal attendance of the composer, Mr. Frank La Forge, who was in the city at the time as Madame Sembrich's accompanist. The distinguished guest of honor played with the orchestra, and with the members went over Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto" and the "Con-

## Hotel Alexandria

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Musical program daily. Neapolitan Singers and Orchestra Concerts Thursdays and Saturdays.

From Four Until Six

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certo" by Grieg the second time. Mr. La Forge has promised that when he next visits Los Angeles he will join the Woman's Orchestra in their rehearsals again.

Members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Good Shepherds will give a "bal poudre" at Kramer's Hall, Tuesday evening, February 1, the affair being one of the annual entertainments which the auxiliary gives for the benefit of the Good Shepherd work.

Mrs. John Wesley Tomblin of 720 West Twenty-eighth street, who was hostess recently at a large musical, received at her home Wednesday, December 29, and will be at home again Wednesday, January 5.

Mrs. Edward L. Doheny and her sister, Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, have issued invitations for two afternoon parties to be given at the Doheny home in Chester place. The invitations are for Wednesday, January 19, and Wednesday, January 26. Guests will be received between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock.

Mrs. George I. Cochran and Mrs. W. H. Davis have returned from a several weeks' trip to New York, and will receive their friends Wednesdays in January at 2249 Harvard boulevard.

Mrs. James B. Lankershim, her daughter, Miss Doria Lankershim, and maid arrived Tuesday from Paris, France, where they have been living for more than a year. They are domiciled in handsome apartments at Hotel Lankershim, and plan to remain here for the winter months.

Among other Los Angelans who registered recently at Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. F. Hammond, Mr. C. S. Morrison, Mr. H. Z. Marshall, Mr. C. L. Smith, Mr. J. A. Ewing and Mr. F. W. Benton.

Among the large and elaborate society affairs planned for January will be the party which Mrs. Lewis Clarke Carlisle of 809 Kingsley drive will give at the Ebell Club, Wednesday evening, January 19. The affair will be in honor of this year's debutantes and invitations will be issued to more than four hundred guests.

Miss Mildred Hunter of 2683 Ellendale place has issued invitations for an "at home" to be given Wednesday afternoon, January 5. The affair will be in compliment to her house guest, who is a comrade-student at the University of California at Berkeley.

Mrs. John Willis Baer, wife of President Baer of Occidental College, was a guest over Sunday at Hotel del Coronado, of her father, Mr. G. W. Van Dusen of Minneapolis, Minn., who is a winter guest at the popular hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Norcross of this city have been passing their honeymoon at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson, who have been visiting in their old home in Ohio and traveling through the southern states for several weeks, have returned and are guests at Hotel Westminster.

Mr. Garrett L. Hogan and daughter, Miss Amelia Hogan, who have been visiting Mrs. Hogan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Story, in Montana for the last two months, have returned to their home at 840 West Adams street.

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Trinity church, landlord of neglected tenement houses, is too far from the Pacific coast to mean much to the average California theatergoer, hence Olga Nethersole need not be surprised if "The Writing on the Wall," with which she opened her week's engagement at the Mason, Monday, giving it four presentations, is not so enthusiastically received as was its due on the Atlantic coast. Aside from the strong lesson it conveys, the drama is fearfully depressing, and the moral so insistent that it irks. The average audience takes kindly to an incidental moral, but it grows restive when, for three acts, it is hammered home. Yet Mr. Hurlbut has written a skillful play, logical in its development and merciless in its denouement. Really, an unfolding of character, requiring the most capable actors to carry it to success, as the rather didactic dialogue, when entrusted to mediocre talent, can easily become tiresome.

It is a pity that Miss Nethersole could not have brought Robert T. Haines and William Morris to the coast to support her in the chief male roles of Lincoln Schuyler and Irving Lawrence, respectively, settlement worker, in a forceful, philanthropic way, and husband. As Barbara Lawrence, wife of a wealthy New Yorker, but interested in the people of the tenements, Miss Nethersole does superb work. Her sincerity rather jars her immediate circle. Her husband is a living lie, untrue to his wife, false in his business relations, despicably weak in all that pertains to principle. His miserable subterfuge in painting the rickety fire-escapes on his tenement houses, after promising Barbara to replace them with new ones, results in the death of their idolized boy, who has been taken by the nurse to a Christmas celebration in the slums. In trying to save the child, Schuyler also meets death.

But prior to this tragic unfolding, the duplicity of the husband in his domestic relations, as well as his perfidy in regard to the repairs, has been revealed to Barbara, whose love is stricken cold. At this stage Schuyler, unable to restrain his emotions, betrays his love for the woman he has learned to know so well through their mutual interest in the tenement life. She receives his protestations with dignity, warns him that she cannot give her material self, but her spirit is her own, and that she freely yields. It is a strong scene. Schuyler accepts this with chastened looks and in despair at having betrayed himself, applauds her noble resolution to be true to her husband for the sake of the child. This is a false note. A fine woman needs no motive but her own self-respect to maintain her virtue, no matter how despicable the conduct of the man who has violated the sanctity of his marriage vows.

When news comes of the burning of the tenements, and the death of little Harry, Miss Nethersole's art rises to every requirement, and in a gripping manner the actress portrays the gamut of emotions, the frenzied despair of Barbara pervading the audience with its intensity. In this scene Harrison Hunter is at his best, the innate selfishness of Irving Lawrence retiring before this picture of desolation, in which his own affections are involved. He promises to begin anew if she will not desert him in his hour of bitterness, and the mother love, which sees in his distress the great need of her erring husband is all powerful, and the curtain falls giving a promise of a man ready to face the world and meet his fate, whatever it may be, with a hope of regeneration ahead.

It is an excellent supporting company in the main, but the Schuyler of Albert Perry is inadequate. He approximates the part without filling it. With a strong, forceful actor of great magnetic powers, the role of Lincoln Schuyler could be developed into a fine character, immeasurably aiding Miss Nethersole in the exacting part of Barbara. Mr. Perry, while conscientious enough, is disappointing. The strident voice of Miss Florence Huntington is eminently fitted to the char-

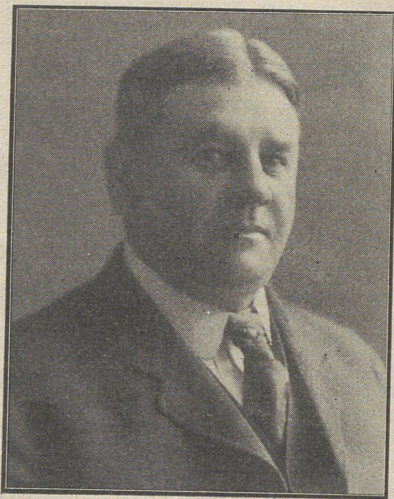
acter of Muriel Lawrence, fond of cigarettes, cocktails and the gay whirl of high society. James B. Ross is equally satisfactory as Gordon Payne, a man about town, engaged to Muriel. Hamilton Mott does a clever bit of work as John Trainor, Lawrence's private secretary and the Stella Trainor, the governess, of Charlotte Tittell is a most conscientious depiction. Excellently mounted, "The Writing on the Wall," under Mr. Munro's management, is a tense and dramatic offering, if not an altogether pleasing one.

S. T. C.

It may be that Olga Nethersole is presenting "Sapho" in the hope of uplifting theatergoers, but after an analytical consideration of the play and its production, it must be confessed that the mind cannot find a portion of either that tends toward betterment. The drama is sordid, revolting, a recital of the selfishness of human love, the tale of the fascination of the senses of a young man by a woman who has lived life in its worst aspect. Its hero is a weakling, its heroine a woman of warped instincts, its characters, men and women of loose lives. The playwright has made a certain appeal by sending Sapho away from her lover for good, but even that climax cannot reflect anything but selfishness, the woman's desire not to prolong a happiness which must inevitably result in despair. Perhaps the character of Sapho might be played with a suggestion of refinement, but Nethersole does not even hint that the woman is anything but sensual clay. Her interpretation is vivid, magnificent, a creature of wonderful fire; but it has no soul. Sapho is purely animal, truly a light of love. The osculatory exhibitions are uncomfortably ardent and prolonged, the note of passion too often sounded. It is not prudery to deplore Nethersole's portraying with such utter abandon a phase of life which we are forced to recognize, but which we do not care to exploit. What message can such a drama as "Sapho" have for the world?

#### "The Girl" at the Burbank

Packed houses are taking to the Morosco-Belasco—there's much gray matter in their combined cocos—presentation of "The Girl of the Golden West" with the avidity of a caged simian for goobers. It is wonderfully well done by the Burbank stock com-



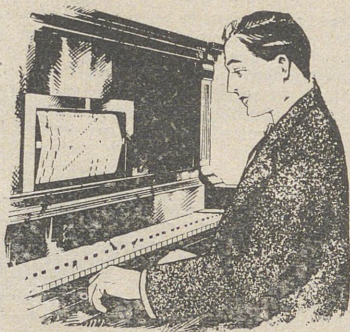
JOHN BURTON, AT THE BURBANK

pany, and under Stage Manager Hartford's expert direction the colorful accompaniments of costume and mounting add materially to the success of this stirring melodrama. Of course, chief interest centers in the Girl, and entrusted to the capable hands of Frances Nordstrom, the new leading woman, the character is given a breezy and spirited interpretation. Miss Nordstrom is of the strapping order of femininity, and by nature is fittingly endowed for the part. She swears with unaffected simplicity, sees nothing wrong in entertaining a strange young man in her cabin, alone, over night, and, although she has been manager of the "Polka" saloon since the "old man" cashed in, the good looking youth from Sacramento, who proves to be Ramerrez, the road agent, is the first to kiss her on the rather capacious mouth. After that a dozen kisses or so are stolen by Jack Rance, gambler and sheriff, who seems

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to have considerably waited until the Girl has been broken in, so to speak.

Byron Beasley gives a capital picture of the southerner, sheriff by occupation, gambler by inclination. His dress and his deliberate drawl are carefully studied, and he never overplays. David Landau's Ramerrez, the road agent, might have been a professor, just out of Princeton University. He never uses slang, never makes a grammatical lapsus linguae, and is altogether a proper nice young man—at least, what side the audience sees. All the lesser characters are in capable hands. Harry Mestayer is a trifle too sweet for a bartender, but the glorious mountain climate, of course, has a wonderfully mellifluous effect on the mind. Hobart Bosworth's "Billy Jackrabbit" is an unusually good stage Indian, as might be expected of this accomplished actor. Never did Lovell Alice Taylor efface her pretty face and figure more completely than as Wewkle, Billy's squaw. The Girl should have a long run, judging by the capacity houses.

S. T. C.

#### "Through a Window"

It is undoubtedly true that Gertrude Nelson Andrews has deserted the highway of the commonplace feminine dramatist and discovered a byway of her own in her new play, "Through a Window," which is receiving its premier production on any stage by the Belasco stock company this week. The play has many faults, but most of these can be remedied with ease by this capable playwright. The plot is unusual and contains a lesson—a problem—which every city in the United States can apply to itself.

There are four vital characters: Judge

Costello, of the supreme court; his daughter, Felipa; his mistress, Lil Valera, and a young lawyer "reformer," Bradley Hamilton, who, despite the fact that he loves Costello's daughter, whom he has met abroad, is after the judge's scalp. Costello has misused his judicial position to bleed the women of the lower world, and with the funds thus garnered keeps himself and his daughter in luxury. Fearful that Felipa will discover his mode of living, he keeps the girl in school in the east, and sends her abroad. However, when he finds that her homecoming is inevitable, he attempts to rid himself of Lil Valera, who has been installed in his house. On the eve of the earthquake, young Hamilton returns to San Francisco, and, desiring to thresh out the matter of judicial corruption with the judge, accepts the latter's invitation to remain at the Costello home over night. The judge is called to Palo Alto, and is forced to leave Hamilton in the house, alone, save for the Japanese servant. Enters Lil Valera, intoxicated, ill, bent on revenge. After a struggle with her, Hamilton manages to send her upstairs to bed. Then Felipa unexpectedly comes home. Appalled by the fact that there is no one in the house save the Jap and the drunken Lil, Hamilton is forced to remain there all night, so that he may shield Felipa from the knowledge of Lil's presence.

In the early morning comes the quake, and Lil is fearfully injured by a falling chimney. Bradley endeavors to persuade Felipa that the woman is a servant, but noting the flashing rings and the costliness of her night clothes, the girl suspects the woman's true character. Overhearing a misleading



conversation between Bradley and Lil, she becomes convinced that the latter is Hamilton's mistress. Then the judge returns, and finding Lil in the same house with his daughter, he curses the dying woman madly. She retaliates by revealing to the daughter her father's true character, and, as she dies, the judge consigns her soul to eternal damnation. Of course, in the last act the girl forgives her father, and finds that the one place for her is in the protecting circle of Bradley's arm.

While the first act is inclined to tediousness, because of the explanatory dialogue, it is considerably lightened by a splendidly executed scene between Lil and Bradley. The second act seems unnecessary, and if the material employed in it could be distributed between the first and third, the play would have a stronger appeal. It is in the third act that Mrs. Andrews reveals her skill. Disposed though she is to allow her characters to become "talky," she works up to her splendid climax logically and coherently, and the speech in which Lil denounces Costello is a work of art. Yet there is a lack of theatrical artifice which, it must be confessed, is to be deprecated. It might intrude a melodramatic note, but the scene of Lil's death would be more im-

leaves the Farrington role vividly present. It is an achievement never excelled on a Los Angeles stage.

Thais Magrane plays the daughter winningly, although her emotional scenes are inclined to be noisy. Hysteria is depressing in real life, and is decidedly uncomfortable when witnessed on the stage. A touch of reserve, a suggestion of deep, inward suffering rather than outward expression of sorrow, would lend strength to the role. Lewis Stone has comparatively little to do, except to provide the necessary note of idealistic young manhood, and to play chief part in the love story, which he does with deep charm. William Yerance does telling work as Judge Costello, and is especially happy in his facial expression. A character part rarely faithful, both in make-up and in accent, is Charles Ruggles' "Okura." There are a number of minor parts, all exceptionally well done, especially the gallant Mancha of Charles Giblyn. The staging is admirable, and the last act is a feast for the eyes as well as to the Californian's sense of verity.

"Top o' the World" at the Majestic  
There are five good characters in "The Top o' the World," which is being produced at the Majestic Theater.



MME. FRIEDA LANGENDORFF, IN RECITAL

pressive were the stage to be darkened to a greater degree and lighted only by the fitful flames which glare through the window. The somber background of earthquake and fire would be far more imposing if this trick were employed.

Lack of action and a tendency to make her dialogue "novelistic" are at present the chief defects of Mrs. Andrews' play. She has a warm, human touch, her character-drawing is excellent, but she is inclined to "scatter" her good points and to be careless as to construction. Her drama has merit of a high order, she has the body of a splendid play, and what she needs is tailor-made garments with which to drape the form. A little pruning here and there, condensation, swifter action, less wandering from the theme, and she will have a drama well worth while. A prettier ending than that of the fourth act could not be conceived. It is appealing in its simplicity.

As to the individual efforts of the actors—the play belongs to Adele Farrington in the role of Lil Valera. Her conception of the part is masterly, each phase ringing true—so true that it aroused the Monday night Belasco audience to a pitch rarely witnessed, the house resounding with calls for "Farrington," until she finally responded in a truly artistic manner by not coming out of the picture. So far does she overshadow her colleagues that their really excellent work fades into the background of memory and

These are Fred Bailey and Ralph Austin, the principal comedians, Charles Harris as Aurora Borealis, Robert Travers as "The Friendly Bear," and pretty Florence Smith as the quaint Kokomo. Outside of the droll work of these principals the show is mediocre. The jokes belong in the chestnut class, and the songs have all been heard before. A more fetchingly winsome little person than Miss Smith would be hard to find. She sings sweetly, in a little piping voice that rings true, and her toes twinkle comically in a number of graceful dances. Bobbie Roberts, who fills the part of the child Maida is not childlike. Her voice is squeaky, her mannerisms awkward and her songs inaudible and badly sung. Bailey and Austin do capital work—rank nonsense, to be sure, but the sort of nonsense that tickles the most sensible of theatergoers. Charles Harris really threatens to displace them as stars in his droll burlesque characterization of Aurora Borealis. The scenery, although shopworn, provides an attractive background for the extravaganza, and the chorus maidens do good ensemble work, in spite of their singing in high-pitched voices that sound as if they were squeaking hinges sadly in need of oil.

#### Strong Bill at the Orpheum

Heading the Orpheum bill this week is William H. Thompson in "Pride of the Regiment," a simple English sketch.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

### Morosco's Burbank Theater

The Home of Successes  
Matinee Today.

OLIVER MOROSCO,  
Lessee and Manager.  
Los Angeles Leading Stock House.  
All Next Week.

Matinee Tomorrow.  
SECOND AND LAST PACKED WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY

## The Girl of the Golden West

Produced under the personal direction Frederic Belasco.

Triumphant debut with Miss Frances Nordstrom AS "THE GIRL."  
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50 PLAYERS. A WHIRLWIND OF MUSIC, FUN, SONGS AND GIRLS.  
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c. A few front rows \$1. Bargain Wednesday matinee, 25c and 50c. Saturday matinee, 25c, 50c. A few front rows 75c.

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SECOND GREAT WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 3, 1910

LEWIS S. STONE and the Belasco Theater Company presents Gertrude Nelson Andrews' enormously successful play, founded on the San Francisco earthquake,

## THROUGH A WINDOW

The most sensational success of the theatrical year. Regular Belasco prices: Every night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c.

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WILLIAM MORRIS (INC.) Announces the only appearance in this city, at THE AUDITORIUM, Matinees and Evenings, Thursday and Friday, January 7 and 8, of the

## World-Famous HARRY LAUDER

Scotch Comedian  
With Company of Celebrated Associate Entertainers and JULIAN ELTINGE and the special LAUDER ORCHESTRA.

REMEMBER, this will positively be his only appearance in Los Angeles. Prices—25c to \$2.00. Tickets on sale Monday, January 3, 1910.

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 14  
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Seats—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

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Seat Sale at Bartlett's, 50, 75, \$1, \$1.50

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Matinee Every Day.  
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Miss Eva Taylor, in "Dremona."

Florence Bindley, in "An Afternoon at Home."

Stella H. Morrisini, with her Siberian wolf hounds and Shetland ponies.

Harry Fox and the Millership Sisters, in "Artistic Nonsense."

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The Four Floods, the "Acrobatic Merry-Makers," William H. Thompson, in "Pride of the Regiment"

Quinlan & Mack, in "The Traveling Dentist"

The Two Bobs, The boys who sing.

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Matinees Daily—10c, 25c, 50c.

### Grand Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 2, 1910.

## Ferris Hartman

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NEXT WEEK—The ever popular and substantial musicland comedy success, "THE IDOL'S EYE."

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.  
Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

SAN TOY





**ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE**

Like a trumpet call, the voice of Booker T. Washington has sounded above the clamor against his race for years. Born a slave, and of unmixed black ancestry, he has devoted a rich and active life to the well-being of his people. While writing the story of his own life it occurred to him that, in large part, he was writing the experience of hundreds of other negroes, men who had achieved more than ordinary success. The result of this thinking is "The Story of the Negro," a remarkable recital of the achievements of the race as a whole, which will, no doubt, surprise the members of it as much as it will the inquiring whites, who scan its pages.

There is nothing of smugness, nor of mock humility in Mr. Washington's attitude, nor has there ever been. He does not apologize for being black, nor does he sigh to be white. He does not wish any others of his race to do it, either. In summing up, he says: "We have had problems, it is true, but, instead of despairing in the face of the difficulties, we should, as a race, thank God that we have a problem. As an individual, I would rather belong to a race that has a great and difficult task to perform than be a part of a race whose pathway is strewn with flowers. It is only by meeting and manfully facing hard, stubborn and difficult problems that races, like individuals, are in the highest degree made strong."

The aim of his work, and this book is in line with it, is to build up a race pride, and to do this he has gathered with the greatest energy, an astonishing array of facts in support of his feeling that the negro race, like all others, has notable examples of all the fine qualities that make for greatness. To begin, he goes to Africa for the antecedents of his people. The negro race in the popular mind is all one color and one kind, best exemplified by the picture of a naked savage with a ring in his nose and a spear in his hand. The fact is that the negro race is scattered over a territory greater in extent than that occupied by the Aryan race; that it includes tints of color which cannot be distinguished from white, and types that vary in degree as do those of other races.

The negro who was deported as a slave was, as a rule, a coast negro, who had been spoiled by contact with the white man's civilization (?), as all primitive peoples have been. When the slave trade became so profitable, it set tribe against tribe, as prisoners of war were disposed of in the slave markets. In the years of unlimited slavery, twenty-four million negroes were transported from Africa to different parts of the world. Transported, in fear and ignorance, to new and inhospitable conditions. But, in spite of this bad start, they have risen by their high qualities of body and spirit to positions of trust, to achievements of honor, and now are facing the modern problems with much the same equipment that other races possess. In the interior of Africa are kingdoms ruled by black kings, with governing bodies of nobles, composed of polite, clothed and capable people, who have metals, instruments, textiles of wool, cotton and silk, who cultivate the soil, live in good houses and practice toward each other gentle, peaceful relations.

In the outside world, where the negro went first as a slave, he has become also a landowner, a business man of ability, a professional man of distinction, and, in illustrious cases, has been explorer, artist, poet and musician. The negro peril is and has always been, Mr. Washington says, a myth. The negro problem is real enough, but he sees no reason why the negro and the white may not live prosperously and happily side by side, as do members of other races. Of all other peoples, the negro has best earned his right to live on American soil; it was he who cleared the swamps and made the roads in the south for the white man's prosperity, and now that he shares it, holds no menace for either.

Mr. Washington also says that the greatest achievements have been made by men of unmixed blood, and he believes firmly that, given the same opportunities, the black man will evolve

a civilization second to none. Of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Mr. Howells said that the negro race had attained civilization in him. He, more than another, expressed in comprehensible terms the strength and the longings of his race. His last lines were:

Because I had loved so deeply,  
Because I had loved so long,  
God in his great compassion  
Gave me the gift of song.  
Because I have loved so vainly,  
And sung with such faltering breath,  
The Master in infinite mercy,  
Offers the boon of Death.  
("The Story of the Negro." By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co.) M. H. C.

#### "Terry's Mexico"

Particularly valuable to Southern Californians is "Terry's Mexico," a handbook for travelers by T. Philip Terry. The volume seems to be all-comprehensive, including as it does information of every kind, from the vital and necessary items regarding traveling expenses, money, passports, etc., to technical statistics. For the prospective traveler it will prove a veritable boon, in that it offers advice which seems to cover every exigency. The book is not merely a gathering of dry-as-dust facts, but is an informing narrative, well told, of the conditions in the "Land of the Montezumas." One may learn how to avoid the annoyances of travel in a strange land, how to find the best hotels, how to prevent illness in the unaccustomed conditions, and how to provide for both inner and outer man. The book is rich with excerpts from the legends of this fascinating land, and is well provided with down-to-date maps that are a great help to the tourist. ("Terry's Mexico." By T. Philip Terry. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

#### Magazines for January

Theodore Roosevelt's own African story of the "Hippo and Leopard" is prominently featured in the January issue of Scribner's Magazine. In this, the fourth article of the series, ex-President Roosevelt tells of the sport in and about Juja Farm. A new novel, "Rest Harrow," by Maurice Hewlett, is begun this month. "The Midwinter Gardens of New Orleans," by George W. Cable, ought to prove of special interest to Californians, whose climate is even more favorable to beautiful and luxuriant verdure during the winter months, when ice and snow blanket the east and north. "Old London," by Frederic C. Howe, with illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan, is an interesting narrative. Entertaining fiction includes "Those That Wait," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Her Compelling Eyes," by Frederick Palmer; "The Return," by Carter Goodloe; "The Daughter of Shining Woods," by Gerald Chittenden, and "William's Psychic Disturbances," by Robert Alston Stevenson.

In the January Lippincott is featured Lucy Meacham Thurston's complete novel, "The Heaven of the Unexpected." The story is one of compelling interest. Joseph M. Rogers contributes a sound and sensible discussion on "What is Wrong With Our Public Schools," this being the first of a series of papers on that subject of world-wide interest. The fiction department is noticeably strong, and includes "The Joyful Mother of Children," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Wood Morrison; "Bread and Butter," by Mary Hirst; "The Costume and the Cowboy," by Stanley Olmsted; "On the Road to Buena Vista," by William MacLeod Raine; "A Flier in Stock," by Edward Crossland Smith, and "The Mascot of the Primer Class," by Lucy Copinger.

Jack London contributes an illustrated article in the January Pacific Monthly on "The House of the Sun," the narrative being of his own recent trip to the Hawaiian Islands. William Winter writes of "A Century of the New York Stage." "A 200-Mile Loop in the Yosemite National Park," by Rodney L. Glisan, gives a graphic description of the scenic reservation. Other interesting contributions, including several bits of entertaining fiction, are "Things Inanimate," a story by Fred R. Becholdt; "Comp'n' for Each Other," by Thomas Crawford Galbreath; "Sentiment vs. Utility," by Col. H. M. Chittenden; "The Knothole in the Clapboard," by Dennis H. Stovall; "The Water Problems of the Northwest," by Randall R. Howard; "A Pair of Claim-Jumpers," by Charles U. Becker; "The Ricochet Shot," by D. E. Dermody, and "A Letter for Vroo-Blight," by Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

## The Song of Songs

BY HERMANN SUDERMANN

Sudermann's many dramas and novels may be regarded as merely preliminary studies for this, his masterpiece. It is the story of a beautiful girl, animated by high ideals and beset by temptations on every side. Lilly suggests, remotely, Daudet's Sappho and Dumas' Camille, in a nobler embodiment. Alone in the world, loving and sympathetic by disposition, she encounters successively sordid poverty, wealth and libertinism, false love, dazzling bohemianism, perfect bliss, then commonplace Philistinism. How she threads her way over high peaks and through dark valleys, how she resists and how she succumbs, are the actuating springs of a novel incomparable in this decade.

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## BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

When I was a small boy I can remember hearing my father troll with great gusto certain nautical songs of a patriotic nature that he had acquired from his brothers, who were on the quarterdeck of East India merchantmen. In this way I became familiar with and acquired a love for the songs of Charles Dibden, which I am glad to say never has deserted me. Among these emerge ascendant "The Jolly Young Waterman," "Tom Bowling," and "Blow High, Blow Low." How old recollections rushed in on me this week when, at the Old Book Shop, my browsings disclosed a complete edition of Dibden's songs, with a memoir by his son, Thomas, and many full-page illustrations by George Cruikshank. An idea of the fecundity of the elder Dibden's musical muse may be obtained from the statement that he wrote upward of 1,300 songs, while his sons, Charles and Thomas, similarly gifted, wrote nearly double that number.

It was due to the beautiful melodies of Charles Dibden that a society for the Promotion of British Ballad Composition was established in London, a most praiseworthy object. It must be said that the English government treated Charles Dibden rather shabbily. When Mr. Pitt was minister, at the request of the government, Mr. Dibden relinquished a highly profitable engagement to open his theater in July, incurring an expense of several thousand dollars, there to sing and give away war songs, which he had been instructed to write for the purpose of firing the patriotism of the country. For this sacrifice he was awarded a pension of £200 a year, but a succeeding ministry was shabby enough to rescind the action of its predecessor in office. Later, shortly before his death, a part of this pension was restored. Dibden died in 1814, in his sixty-ninth year. He lies in the burial ground of St. James, Camden Town, in the center of a mass of flowering shrub and a line or two on the plain shaft from one of his songs tells that

Though his body's under hatches  
His soul has gone aloft!

These lines occur in that most beautiful of all his songs entitled "Tom Bowling." The poem was written in memory of his brother, Thomas, who was for many years master of a vessel in the merchant service, and from whom he imbibed that devotedness to members of the nautical profession which characterized his works and life. I cannot refrain from reprinting the three stanzas of that stirring song. It is a classic which no lover of good literature should forget:

Here, a sheer bulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
No more he'll broach the fo'c'sle to.  
For death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft,  
Faithful, below, he did his duty;  
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare,  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His poll was kind and fair;  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah, many's the time and oft!

But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed,  
For, though his body's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

I think the pure sentiment contained in this little song is unapproached for its sublime simplicity. It was ever a favorite in the early home to which I have referred.

Yet, that is only one of thirteen hundred songs, not all of so fine a type, but all good, all singable, all human. Charles Dibden, as his son tells us, appreciated melody as the soul of music, and his metrical attempts to portray the rough-hewn, natural characters, and stimulate the gallant exertions of the sailor-folk in ballad form have inspired many a lad with a love for the sea. It is interesting to look over the list of subscribers to Thomas Dibden's collected works of his father, which were first issued in 1841. Aside from royalty and the lords of the admiralty who "came through" for 500 copies, there are many names notable in English literature and nautical research who were glad to obligate themselves for that first edition. The gallant Captain Cotton, of the royal navy, a maternal forebear of mine, is put down for four copies. Another noted seadog, the active explorer, Capt. Basil Hall, took four. Charles Dickens was a subscriber. Samuel Lover another, and sea captains in numbers are included in the list. Well, they had their money's worth, for not only are Dibden's songs given, but many of his sons', Thomas and Charles, Junior, who seem to have inherited all their father's talent and facility. In addition, is included a group of national songs, by popular authors, having a nautical flavor, thus forming a valuable collection of seafaring ballads. Together with the Cruikshank drawings, they make a prize worth having.

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## At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

with characters and situations strongly true to life. In the cast are a game-keeper, once a soldier, his wife and his son, whom he has forced into the army against his will. The son, dismissed from the army because of insubordination, returns home, but his father, who proudly wears medals won in his long service of the queen, turns the boy adrift. The mother, rebelling for the first time against the tyrannical pride of the father, threatens to leave him and go with her son; in the end the stern father brushes his coat across his army medals and takes his boy into his arms. Mr. Thompson is ably supported by Lauretta Allen, as the mother, and Fred J. Webber, as the son. The entire absence of melodramatic dialogue, posturing and stacy speeches serves to make the play praiseworthy realistic. Donald Bowles, well known to Los Angeles theatergoers, having played in stock at the Burbank Theater with the Neill company several years ago, has forsaken the legitimate, for the time, at least, and appears in a sketch, "Guilty?" The plot is of the Raffles type. The young burglar in evening clothes, robbing the home of the judge, who several years before had condemned him to prison for a crime of which he was innocent, is surprised in his work by the unexpected return of the judge and his daughter. The latter recognizes in the thief the man who had saved her life in a runaway, and before her as a tribunal his cause is effectively pleaded, and he is given a new chance to lead an honest life. The strongest feature of the sketch is Mr. Bowles' dramatic recitation before the girl of his early life and the gradual narrowing of his life into criminal paths. "The Two Bobs," namely Bob Adams and Bob Alden, composers of several recent successful musical comedies and songs, appear in a musical skit, "Before the Party," and their entertainment, while lacking any vitally strong or novel feature, is light and pleasing. Dan Quinlan and Kellar Mack, in a turn, "The Traveling Dentist," introduce an assortment of new and good jokes, a catchy song or two and much errant humor, which takes with the audience. Holdovers are Fraulein Katchen Lohrer, Ben Welch, Vittoria & Giorgetta and John B. Hymer and company in "The Devil and Tom Walker."

"Magda" at the Mason  
Thursday night's production of "Magda," at the Mason was not impressive. Miss Nethersole's company fails to meet the demands of Sudermann and does not approach the standard necessary to make psychological drama interesting and convincing. Harrison Hunter as Von Keller is irritatingly theatrical, with a tendency to roll his eyes in absurd fashion, and rendering stage sighs that approach the burlesque. Of course, Nethersole is the reigning power, and it cannot be denied that her "Magda" is a splendid creation. Yet she does not give the impression of entering entirely into the role. It is as if she were an artist, painting a portrait with exquisite care and beauty, now with broad splashes of color, now with delicate shadows, but never lending to it the inner light, the divine spark. The listener cannot forget that Nethersole is acting. Her little habit of whimpering may once have been effective and natural, but it has developed into a serious fault.

### Offerings for Next Week

Harry Lauder, the Scotch headliner who has been proclaimed as the greatest vaudeville find in years, has been secured by the management of the Auditorium for a short engagement, Friday and Saturday afternoon and evenings, January 7 and 8. The press for the last eight years has loaded this artist with enthusiastic superlatives; if the public can believe them, Lauder has more personal magnetism than any actor on the American or European stage. He uses his own Scotch pipers instead of an orchestra. He travels in his own private car with all the members of his family, brings his own pipers and dancers, and insists on playing at medium prices, something entirely new with the average headline artist.

Edwin A. Belkin's all-star Yiddish company, which comes direct from New York City, will appear at the Mason Opera House, January 3, 4 and 5, in a

repertoire of the best plays of the Yiddish stage, written by the most prominent playwrights of the Yiddish stage, such as the late Jacob Gordin, J. Lateiner, Leon Krobin and many others. The company is headed by the celebrated Yiddish players, Miss Rosa Karp, late prima donna of Thomashofsky's People's Theater, New York City, and Mr. David Levenson, late star of Adler's Grand Theater. The plays to be produced here are the latest and most successful plays direct from New York City.

So many people have been unable to secure seats for the performance of Gertrude Nelson Andrews' new play, "Through a Window," that the management has secured permission to continue the play for a second week. Since its initial performance, the author has called several special rehearsals and made many cuts in the dialogue, knitting the plot more closely together, taking out long speeches, developing the earthquake and fire effects and strengthening the characters themselves, doing of which has materially quickened the action. There has been no change in the cast. Following "Through a Window," Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco company will give, for the first time on any stage, "The Gringo," a new comedy by Robert H. Davis and Henry F. Kirk.

Messrs. Cohan and Harris will present George M. Cohan's well-known musical play, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," with Elizabeth Drew in the leading role, at the Majestic Theater for one week, beginning Sunday, January 2. Miss Drew will have the role of "Mary," the housemaid, and Charley Brown will have the part of "Kid Burns," the Broadway boy with the slang. A large chorus and a scenic investiture worth while are promised.

Capacity audiences which have approved enthusiastically the Burbank stock company's production of "The Girl of the Golden West" during the past week have induced Manager Oliver Morosco to continue that play for another seven days, beginning with the usual matinee Sunday afternoon, and including the customary Saturday matinee. Although the play is well known in Los Angeles, its powers of attraction do not seem to diminish. Miss Nordstrom has already won a large degree of popularity in her role of "The Girl," and Byron Beasley and David Landau are receiving much approbation for their respective characterizations. The week following, the Burbank company will present "The Heart of Maryland," in which Ethel von Waldron will make her local debut.

Ferris Hartman and his big singing and dancing company will open the new year with a big production of James T. Powers' successful musical comedy, "San Toy." The story concerns the love and adventures of Bobby Preston, son of the British consul, and San Toy, a Chinese girl. The music is light and catchy, and good settings and costumings are promised. As the Chinaman Li, Ferris Hartman will have exceptional funmaking opportunities, while Walter Catlett will have fine chances as Sir Bingo Preston, the British consul. Myrtle Dingwall will be seen in the name role, Carmen Phillips will play Poppy Preston, Muggins Davies will be an eccentric maid, Walter de Leon will have the role of Bobby Preston, and other members of the company will be seen and heard to advantage. Following "San Toy," Ferris Hartman will give that ever-popular comedy, "The Idol's Eye."

Eva Taylor, who last season distinguished herself in her presentation of the Frohman farce, "Chums," will be seen at the Orpheum beginning Monday matinee, January 3, in an elaborate scenic production of the latest comedy success, "Dreamona." Miss Taylor has enhanced the value of the little comedy by according it good scenic equipment. "An Afternoon at Home" is the name of the monologue given by Florence Bindley. Stella H. Morrisini is one of the most prominent animal trainers in Europe. She has never exhibited her beautiful Siberian wolf hounds and Shetland ponies in America. Harry Fox and the Millership sisters present a diverting assortment of song, dance and chatter they call "Artistic Nonsense." The dancing is a distinct feature of this offering. The Four Floods are announced as acrobatic merry-makers. They carry a special setting

## New Year's Greetings

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and promise novel effects in costuming. William H. Thomson in "Pride of the Regiment," Quinlan & Mack, the Two Bobs, and new motion pictures complete the bill.

### Asides

Work on the new quarter-million dollar Orpheum building will be started early in the new year. The Orpheum Theater and Realty Company has secured a site on Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and will erect thereon a five-story, fireproof building, with all the latest appliances for the comfort and convenience of patrons. The auditorium will seat about 2,000, each seat to be of extra width. It is the intention of the Orpheum corporation to possess one of the handsomest theaters on the coast, and if the specifications and plans for decoration are carried out, the new playhouse promises to eclipse all rivals.

Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, was a coal miner nine years ago, working for less than a dollar a day. For the last few years he has been the most successful and the highest-priced performer in the world. He writes his own songs and music and all his monologues. He is intensely religious, will not play Sundays, and up to this season would give but one hour to his vaudeville turn daily, except matinee days. For this he receives \$5,000 a week and all expenses, with more applications than he has weeks.

Olgo Nethersole's local engagement recalls to mind a clever epigram perpetrated by a former well-known dramatic critic of this city, on the occasion of a previous visit here. The critic and Madame Nethersole were dining together, and the famous actress was rather warmly defending the creations which she has given to the stage. "What if they are all animal?" she protested, vigorously. "I am all soul," the critic smiled. "All Nether-sole, dear lady," he replied. And she had the grace to smile and forgive him.

Harry Duffield's sorrow last week in losing his charming wife found an echo both in the hearts of his colleagues and the many hundreds of theatergoers to whom she had endeared herself. The curtain went down on a varied career when she passed away. As Phosa McAllister she played many parts, having supported a number of the stars of the old regime. Besides this, she played in stock many years, having directed two companies of her own. She was a good wife, an admirable actress, a sterling friend. God rest her soul!

Owing to the fact that the new city officials have been so busy in their work of reorganization that they could not attend the production, the Gamut Club has postponed its performances of "Angel City" until the evenings of January 19, 20, 21 and 22. It was the original intention to produce this musical comedy next week, but the club directors decided to wait until the Good Government officials could be present.

Because he can play a guitar—and play it well, by the way—the youthful Charles Ruggles is to essay the character of a sixty-year old man in "The Gringo." The part demands that its

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interpreter play the guitar, and as Mr. Ruggles is the only member of the company so qualified, the matinee maidens will undergo the torture of beholding their adored juvenile as a wrinkled, gray ancient.

John Blackwood is confined to his home with a bad attack of the gout. If one can credit M'sieu John's tale of his sufferings, his foot has swollen to the size of a hog's head. Too much prosperity and Christmas cheer seem to have had a bad effect.



## PHILOSOPHY OF THE LONGER SLEEP

BY LUKE NORTH

May it not be appropriate and timely, in these dying hours of the year, to dwell a moment on this change we call Death? Being the most insistent fact of life, why should we so hesitate to think and reason a little about it? To which the reply comes, of course: "O, it is so dark and gruesome a topic, full of dread for many and of woe for all of us!" The which is only partly true, for many look upon death as a kind and sympathetic mother, who never fails to rock to sleep betimes her tired children.

They who fear death—why should not they get better acquainted with it and lose their fear. Fear darkens life, beclouding its sunniest hours. Fear is only ignorance. To enjoy life and get the most out of the present moment, we must banish fear. We only fear that of which we do not know.

To which the ready and thoughtless answer leaps: That since the dead do not return to tell us of their bourne, the living can know nothing about, and, therefore, from sheer lack of data, may not profitably discuss it.

There speaks dominant western thought, covering at a single bound the long, long distance between literal renderings of the world's great scriptures and total ignorance. There speaks modern science, which forever sets at naught its own dictum of requiring physical data for profitable discussion.

What said Professor Proctor, the great astronomer, to the "Planists" of England, who had been squinting their eyes on level with the Bedford canal and had seen the hulls of ships way beyond the three-mile curvature limit? Said he: "We are going to disregard this testimony, since if we accepted it (and he could see no way of disproving it), the entire structure of modern astronomy would fall away." Now, I will stake my life on the rotundity of the earth and the convexity of its habitable surface—but if the proof were to be left to physical data, I would not stake a dollar on it, for at this writing, I submit (for correction if I am wrong) that there is no known physical fact which absolutely demonstrates the convexity of the earth, or even its spherical rotundity—and the beautiful, true, and wonderful science of astronomy does rest upon an hypothesis.

It is expected that the science of optics will demonstrate that the eye follows the curvature of the earth and thus account for the fact that we can see the hulls of approaching ships as soon as their masts. But this has not yet been done, the old school books are wrong, and science is content to reason merely that the earth is a sphere and are we on its outside.

Now the hypothesis of the sphericity of the earth is no nearer absolute certainty (so it seems to me) than this single moral dogma upon which is based whatever outlook and estimate I have of Life and the Way of Things: That the world, every nook and cranny in it, seen and unseen, physical, psychological, spiritual and moral, is omnisciently under the dominance of Cause and Effect, the latter adjusting everything with such supernatural exactness that cosmic justice, mercy and love are entirely synonymous and synchronous. Or, for poetic brevity—God is Love, and love is omniscient. Such is my dogma, my faith, my belief. Here I rest. All other things I will prove, but this I know. And the whole world knows it, maugre a handful of materialists—good, brave bellows, withal—whose powerful intellectuality has filled the modern world with pessimistic doubt from which it is now slowly and toilsomely recovering.

Now in a world whose nice adjustment of cause and effect is lovingly supernatural, it is only axiomatic to aver that every fact and circumstance of human life must be capable of mental apprehension and of being definitely stated in rational terms. For man is a Mental Creature. When he is less than mental he is merely animal, and does not question because he does not care. When he is more than mental he is divine, and does not question because he knows. Who will deny that man is

these things: animal, mental nad divine? Well, they who deny this trinity will not deny that man is a mental creature. And it were a conception surely most unloving and unjust to imagine this mental creature surrounded by facts and circumstances of the utmost import to his peace and happiness, the significance and the procedure of which he is forever unable mentally to grasp and explain.

"It is hard to believe, however," says Prof. William James, "that the Creator has really put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock our scientific tendencies." May we not change the word "tendencies" to "methods"—and then hope for a different conclusion than that suggested by Professor James and the Psychic Researchers, who fear "that we must expect to mark progress not by quarter centuries, but by half centuries or whole centuries?"

May I ask: If, in twenty-five years of scientific research among the mediums of spookland, and in two thousand years of Christian civilization, no one has yet returned from "spiritland" authoritatively, intelligently or rationally to reveal to us the nature and condition of death and its bourne, what reason is there for supposing that in another quarter, half or whole century, anybody will return to bring us tangible physical evidence of a purely intangible, unphysical process and condition?

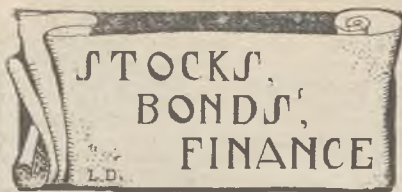
But suppose we change our methods and approach the task, not with our physical sensations, but with our mentality. Death is a condition in which physical sensation is non-existent—I should say. How, then, expect to probe its mysteries by and through the medium of our physical faculties—by hearing, seeing, feeling, weighing?

Having that hypothesis of the just and loving universe upon which to rest, let us reverse not the scientific "tendency," but its method, and state the general circumstance first: That death is but the longer sleep between two days of objective life. For is not all the world about convinced now that man is something other than his body? We may as well call it soul, because that is a familiar word. This soul, then, is eternal. Anon it garbs itself in a physical form, much as the form puts on a suit of clothes each new morning.

At death, which is the soul's—night, I was going to say, but who knows? Perhaps this objective life is the soul's night, and our sleep of death its day of life. Each can reason that out for himself. And, really, these kinds of questions must be self-determined. That is another mistake of the Psychological Researchers—their attempt to specialize and monopolize this process and bourne of death. Every human being can solve this death problem for himself—for is not every human being a soul? And the soul knows. That something more than body which man is—it knows. And if I could forget these external allurements and distractions of the body's life long enough to get thoroughly acquainted with this something that I am—or in those brief moments when I do—then I would, I do, know.

But my knowledge is nothing to you. We may reason together about it, but a man must find his own soul, or remain in darkness. No one can find it for him. We used to think it could be done that way—and we burnt and murdered and tortured those who disagreed with us. And there ripened this long spell of materialism in which man said to himself, "I am only an atom of clay"—but he never really believed it, nor lived his life on that basis.

O, I feel sure of this: That if we are to view death as a rational and orderly process in a world that is just and merciful, we must view it in the light of that great and beautiful Oriental dogma, tenet, philosophy, called reincarnation. We must. There is no other just and merciful way. Either the world is not orderly and sequential, not infinitely true and just and loving, or death is but the longer sleep between two days of life. I must state it thus dogmatically, because I am not writing a book, but that is no reason why you should so accept it. Examine it carefully; subject it to every mental test.



Stagnant trading, speckled prices and unreliable quotations have been the usual holiday week record, with bargain counter offerings of the year a feature of transactions. Home Telephone pfd. has been the leader in price breakage, which for picturesque swiftness has not been equalled here in many a day.

With Associated Oil selling as low as 48½, and with U. S. Long Distance having broken to 40 since the last report, investors who were in position to reap the benefit of the gifts the gods provided may not experience another such opportunity in a hurry.

There never is a time at this season that securities do not find the lowest level of the year. Just why this should be the case is difficult to say. But the rule invariably works out that way. Possibly it is because the cash is needed for other purposes that good securities are thrown overboard, always at this season. Apparently, it never occurs to anyone that a few shares of a standard stock or a good bond would not be a bad holiday investment, much more productive of satisfactory results than other gifts that are made.

Since the last report L. A. Home pfd. broke from 55 to 50, and back again to 53, where the shares were being offered as late as Wednesday. With a dividend of \$1.25 due upon these shares February 1, the stock is anything but an unwise purchase at present prices. Other issues in the industrial list on the Los Angeles stock exchange are equally weak, with the exception of L. A. Investment, which always is in demand at a price.

Bonds continue inactive, with the exception of Associated 5s, which are selling around 98½, a record price for these securities. All of the several telephone issues are more stagnant than ever.

In the oils, Associated is soft, with the professional trader, however, playing the bull side of the market. The company's annual statement is due about the middle of the month, when the expected first dividend payment may be announced officially at the same time.

Several of the lesser known of the oils, which heretofore have been in the speculative list, are expected to bring in their first wells at an early day, thus bidding fair to make a much broader market for these shares.

Conditions are quieter in the bank stock list than has been true for more than a year. Money continues to rule easy, with the rates not in immediate danger of being reduced. Short loans and the best commercial paper are a drug in the market.

### Banks and Banking

Judge John C. Pollock in the United States district court at Topeka, in a decision recently declared the Kansas bank guaranty law to be invalid. Judge Pollock granted two injunctions in ruling out the law. One case was that of Frank S. Larabee, a stockholder in the Exchange State Bank of Hutchinson, against the officers and directors of the bank, and J. N. Dolley, state bank commissioner. Mr. Larabee's contention was that a stockholder in a state bank can object and prevent the participation of his bank in the guaranty law. Judge Pollock upheld this argument in every particular. The other case was that of the Abilene National Bank against the bank commissioner and state treasurer on the ground that the state guaranty law is unconstitutional. Judge Pollock granted a temporary injunction in this case, holding the law inoperative, and fixed a bond of \$50,000 to be given by the bank pending the final disposition of the case.

It is stated that a new bank soon is to be organized to be installed on the first floor of a \$300,000 building to be erected at the southwest corner of Broadway and Second streets by a syndicate headed by C. Wesley Roberts. Information as to the identity of the organizers of the new institution and the amount of capital it will have not yet has been made public. The proposed new bank will use the three high-class vaults, including safe deposit vaults which are now on the property

and which were used by the American National Bank, prior to its consolidation with the Citizens National Bank.

Gen. Robert Wankowski, who for seven years has been cashier of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, has tendered his resignation, to take effect today, and will assume a position as deputy in the office of Alden Anderson, state superintendent of banks. It is not unlikely that General Wankowski will be appointed chief deputy under Mr. Anderson. He will leave January 7 for San Francisco to take up his new duties.

Shareholders of the Central National Bank received checks for sums amounting to about \$6,000 last week, the last quarterly dividend of the bank at the rate of 8 per cent per annum having been paid out a little in advance of the usual date. The net earnings of the Central National Bank this year are reported to have been almost double those of the one previous.

Local bank clearings for 1909, as compared with the preceding year, record an increase of \$167,275,200. Estimating the clearings of the last five days of the month, the total for this year has been \$670,395,874, while last year's clearings were only \$503,120,674. December's volume of business was the largest of the year, while February's total was the lowest.

City Attorney Long of Long Beach has ruled that the application made by the Citizens Savings Bank of that city for a rebate of \$300 personal taxes is not legal and should be denied. Although the money at the time was on deposit in New York, the city attorney decided that it was a part of the deposits of the bank and should be taxed.

Application has been made at the treasury department at Washington for permission to organize the Imperial National Bank at Imperial with a capital of \$25,000. Interested in the bank are George P. Blair, D. H. Imbler, Clifford Boggins, all of Imperial, and F. C. Poulin of this city.

Comptroller of currency has granted the application of the Bank of Ventura to be converted into the National Bank of Ventura. The institution is capitalized at \$200,000.

### Stock and Bond Briefs

El Centro is considering the calling of a special election to issue bonds in the sum of \$69,000 for a municipal water system. The engineer's report is favorable to the project, and it is thought possible to complete the bond issue and award the contract by the earlier part of February. About four months will be required for the construction of the system.

Hollywood grammar school bonds have been marketed and the local supervisors have turned the funds over to the order of the Hollywood grammar school trustees. The purchase of a new school site and the letting of contracts for the building will be accomplished as soon as possible.

Los Angeles supervisors will receive bids up to 2 p.m., January 17, for the purchase of bonds of the Irwindale school district in the sum of \$7,000. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of the amount of bid.

January 7 is the date set for the San Jacinto special election to vote bonds in the sum of \$25,000 for the building of a new high school. This election will be a sequel to the election held there last September, which was declared void because of a legal technicality.

School bonds of San Bernardino county, in the sum of \$35,000, issued last summer, have been delivered to James H. Adams & Co., of this city. The funds are to be used in the construction of a polytechnic high school.

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